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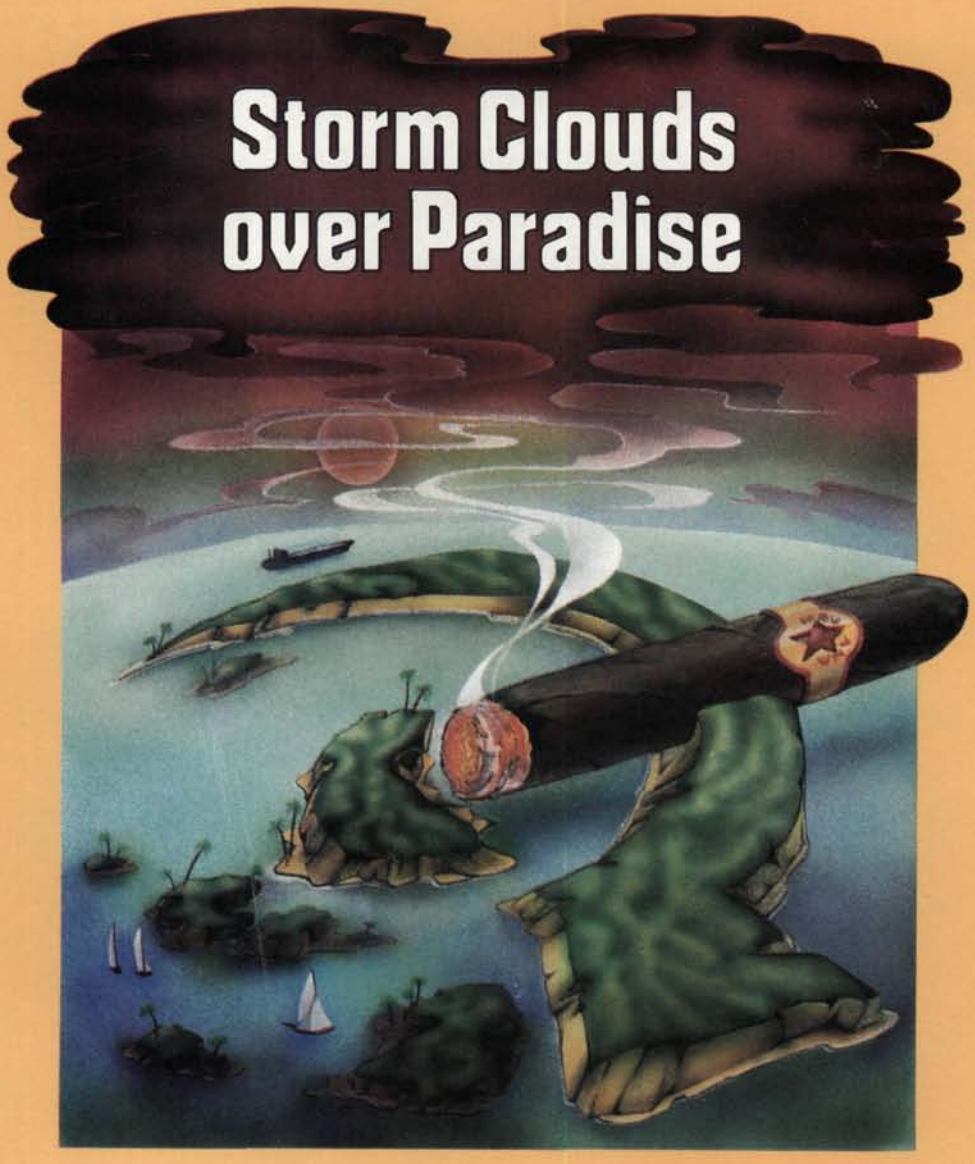

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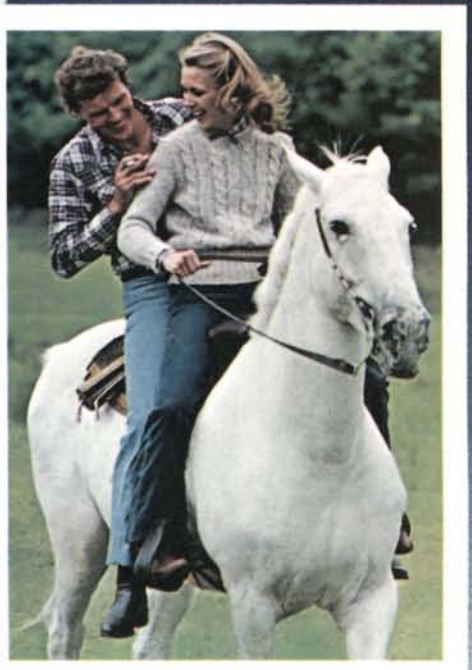

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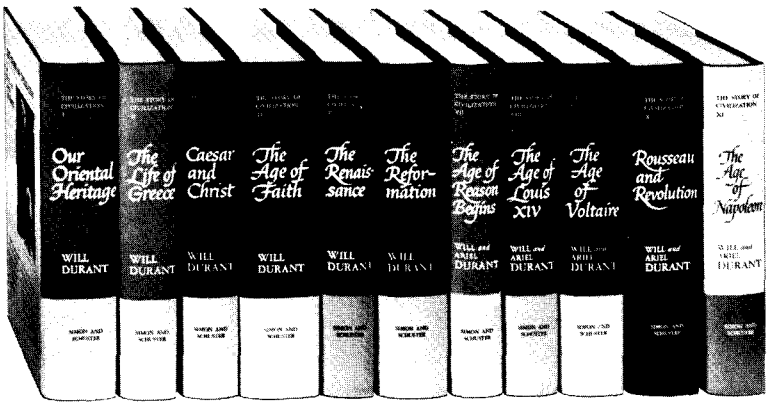

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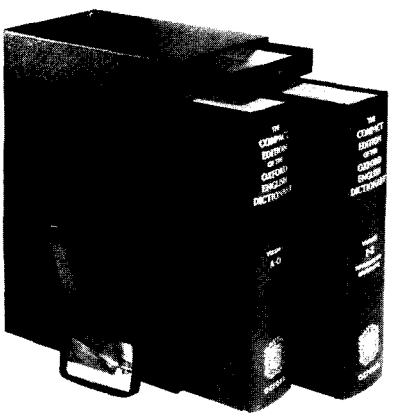

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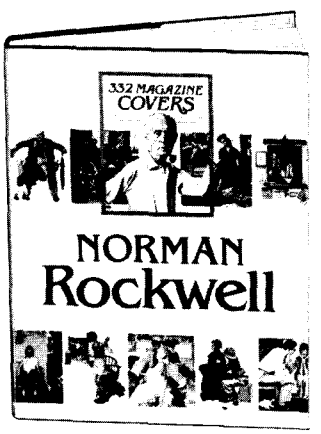

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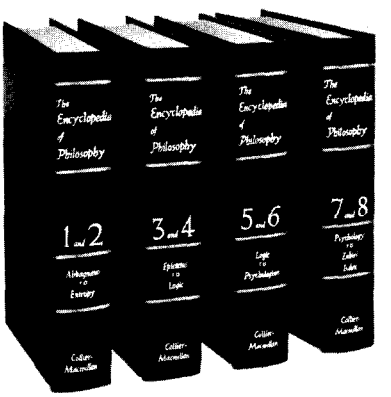

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A Fable For Now:

Malice in Wonderland

Once upon a time, not so very long ago or far away, lived a White Rabbit who was nervous and some Hares who were mad—not mad as Hatters sometimes are, but mad as in angry. They were mad because the Rabbit and his sizable family had everything, while the Hares had little.

That was very odd, for the wonderful land they shared was a 24-carrot dream come true. Wide waters on both sides kept Rabbits and Hares alike safe from Weasels and Wildcats, and the fertile earth could yield plenty of tasty treats for both types of bunnies.

The Rabbits ruled the land, and prospered. Naturally, they multiplied. Generations worked their teeth to the bone carving out the good life, and their burrows spread. Rabbit transit systems linked even the farthest burrow to the center of things, "things" being a series of thriving, growing gardens. Even the Beavers far across the waters were eager to praise the Rabbits' industry.

The Hares, on the other hand, had it considerably rougher. They tried to grow gardens, of course, but the Rabbits owned the best land. And the Hares lacked decent homes because without plenty of lettuce they had little energy to burrow. Their coats were in tatters; indeed, the Hare shirt became a symbol of suffering.

But though the Hares were still out in the cold, some of the Rabbits began to worry more about guarding their own little patches than about keeping all the gardens growing. "I'm all right, Jackrabbit," they faddishly chattered to one another, "so now let's stop building. Time to protect what we have." They wrinkled their noses in refined distaste at the Hares.

"Oh, too messy," these elitist Rabbits said of sprawling growth that nibbled at the wilderness. "Ick, too crowded," they sniffed at older areas in the center of the warren. "Too noisy, too dusty, too busy," they sighed at activity everywhere. They began to preach the most unrabbitlike notion of zero growth.

Were these Rabbits just putting on Hares? The Hares, for sure, were bitter. "No growth?" they asked. "Stagnation's for mosquitoes. What about us out in the fields, and our kids still in their salad days? We need gardens, a chance to grow."

Some older Rabbits who weren't really with it didn't bother to mask how they felt about Hares. "They're used to it. It's their nature to live that way. Tsk, tsk," they said righteously.

Some younger Rabbits who thought they were with it complimented the Hares in a left-handed way. "Hey, you're really together," they said to the Hares. "Here we are, uptight about limited resources, and you're already doing without almost everything. That's really far out!"

As time passed, the issue was splitting Hares into two camps. Some appealed to good sense. "It's all very well for Rabbits to talk about aesthetics and scarcities and making do," they said, "but they've already got it made. We don't." Others followed the path of the Protest March Hare and shouted slogans, voiced threats, and dug up an occasional Rabbit garden.

And the White Rabbit grew more and more nervous. "It's late, it's late," he thought, glancing anxiously at his pocketwatch. "Here we are, snug in our neat little burrows. But we can't simply sit around drinking camomile tea and hoping for things to get better. The Hares can't wait forever. Oh, my fur and whiskers, what shall we do?"

"Wise up," said a voice, followed by the appearance of a grin, and then the entire Cheshire Cat. " 'No growth' makes no sense," he purred. "If folks don't have enough in the first place, less isn't more; it's nonsense." Already fading, he continued without paws: "There's room enough for plenty of new gardens, and there ought to be enough work in planting them to keep everybody hopping." And then the Cat disappeared entirely.

The White Rabbit realized how silly his folk had been. Rabbits and Hares could work together to make the gardens bigger and better for both while still protecting their habitat. And that was all it took for them to live hoppily ever after.

Moral: To give everybody a share of the pie, the pie has to keep growing so it's big enough to go around. And that's no fable.

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LETTERS

Communiqués on the Corps

Owen Edwards's "Marines in Doubt" [January 19] will, I suspect, tap a spate of comment and recollection from both active and former marines. It is difficult to believe that there could be any marine "neutral" on the issues Edwards discusses in the piece.

His findings appear to offer some hope to all marines, including those former grunts like myself who still regard the Corps as one might regard a woman much beloved in years past: Even though we aren't seeing her anymore, we still wish her well.

Robert A. Otto
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just finished reading Owen Edwards's article on the marines. I was in the 9th Marine, 3rd Marine Division in Vietnam from October 1967 to September 1968, and I feel that we did the best with what we had. We were flying in Korean War vintage choppers while the U.S. and even the South Vietnamese armies were much better equipped. The Corps has always prided itself on its ability to do so much with so little.

Stephen M. Mockbee
Wilmington, Delaware

The "Marines in Doubt" article seemed inappropriate for a magazine whose editorial policy has been so solidly peace-oriented for so many years.

Clarence F. Avey
Westfield, Massachusetts

In discussing the Marine Corps's criticisms of the M-16, Owen Edwards acknowledges the esteem given to the AK-47. I was under the impression that the AK-47 was made by the Chinese, not the Russians. That was the rumor circulating during my year in Vietnam as part of navy logistics. *Bill Caorell*
Valdese, North Carolina

Owen Edwards replies: The AK-47, aka the Kalashnikov, is a Russian-designed weapon manufactured in many Communist countries, including China. Thus, AK-47s used in Vietnam might have come from Russia, China, Hungary, or elsewhere.

Dumping Difficulties

Susan Schiefelbein's piece,"The Perils of Chemical Wastes" [January 5], is vital and well done. It is a public service for which you are to be commended. The subject cannot be overstated or dropped.

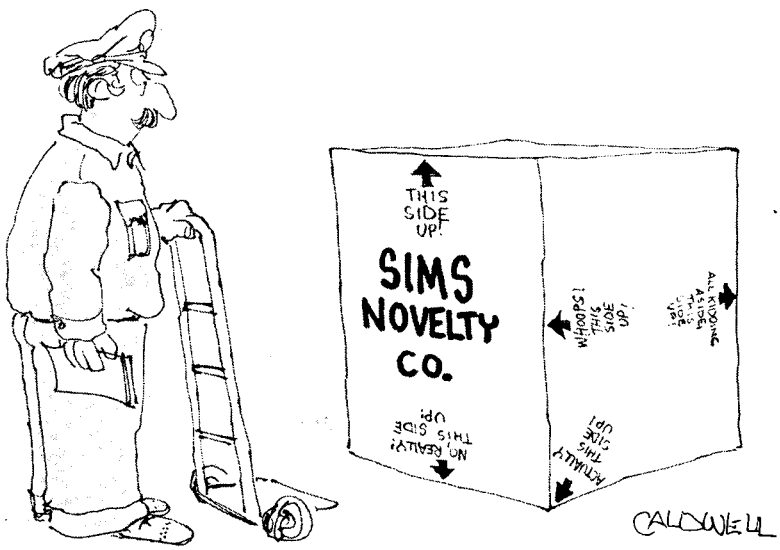
Robert Rienow
State University of New York at Albany
Albany, New York

No one can deny the undesirability of improper disposal of hazardous chemicals, or the existence of old dump sites that have been uncovered in recent years. These are serious problems that must be dealt with. However, Susan Schiefelbein's speculations on the number of future discoveries of such dumps completely mask the chemical industry's efforts to safely dispose of their wastes. It spent $9.2 billion for pollution control from 1974 to 1978.

Schiefelbein states that "each day 260 million pounds of chemicals ... are disposed in the unregulated dumps that pepper our nation." Two hundred and sixty million pounds per day amounts to 95 billion pounds per year. U.S. production of industrial chemicals was about 575 billion pounds in 1978. At least 150 billion pounds of this total were gases such as oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide, all of which would not end up in a solid waste disposal. This leaves a total of 425 billion pounds. Schiefelbein says that 95 billion pounds, or 22 percent of the total, are being discarded in dumps. She must realize that sound economics could not permit such waste.

Frank E. Dolian
Stamford, Connecticut

Susan Schiefelbein replies: The chemical industry is only one of 17 major industries that produce hazardous wastes. The Environmental Protection Agency, the congressional subcommittee studying the problem, various environmental groups, and even the Chemical Manufacturers Association all agree that the total tonnage of these wastes comes to 35 million metric tons a year—which works out to more than 200 million pounds per day. We should ask not only how much the industry spends on safe disposal of wastes, but also how much we taxpayers spend on cleanup costs and medical fees for the 90 percent of chemical garbage improperly disposed of.



A Touch of Class

What clever, sophisticated phantom is turning out *Saturday Review*'s classy and bright Lookouts section? The author gives us lively updates with a genuine New York City flair. I'm immensely disappointed when this section is not included in your issues. *Clara A. Cislo*
Haddonfield, New Jersey

The editor replies: The clever, sophisticated phantom writer of Lookouts is contributing editor Robert Moss. Items written by *SR* critics are so initialed.

CORRECTION: In "Marines in Doubt" [January 19] the name of General Robert Barrow, commandant of the Corps, was incorrectly spelled. We apologize for the error.

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FRONT RUNNERS

Well, Excu-u-use Me!

A small community in Oklahoma is trying to fight America's growing surliness. Although it has one of the most impoverished schools in the state, the town of Liberty has just hired a full-time manners teacher. The idea came from Leroy Taylor, the school principal for 18 years, who believes there is "a national need for more respect." The money, of course, comes from the federal government, which put up $16,000 through the Oklahoma Department of Education.

Transforming 210 rowdy kids into regular little ladies and gentlemen is, naturally, no easy thing—especially given the scope of the curriculum. The topics covered, according to manners teacher Mrs. Ann Horgan, include table manners, "how to react if you come across a person with no legs," how to accept compliments and criticism, bragging and boasting, introductions, and proper dress and conduct—for the playground or for the prom.

"It is potentially the finest program we have ever had here," says Taylor. "It's not like a good calculus course. It can involve every child, from the most gifted to the one with the least ability." Some parents are equally positive; a few, indeed, have already noticed a decided improvement in the behavior of their children. First-grader James Allsup surprised his mother one day by quietly pulling back a chair for his sister at a hamburger dinner. Later on in the meal, he noticed a bit of food at the corner of his sister's mouth. Twirling his napkin into a point, he leaned over the table and deftly dabbed away the offending particle. His sister's reaction was not reported.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHOEBE BERREY

A Real Heavy Story

A few months ago, some farmers in the Midwest fed their cattle cement dust to fatten them up. Instead of gaining two pounds daily, as they had under a diet of grain and hay, the cows gained four. Most people greeted the news with derision and made jokes about steaks as tough as sidewalks.

Now, however, the Department of Agriculture has released a study that supports the farmers' findings. After cattle were fed cement dust for 112 days, it was discovered that they not only gained weight 30 percent faster than cows on regular diets, but also that their meat was juicier and more tender. No one knows why exactly, but for the moment researchers are warning their farmers not to feed their cattle cement until the effect on humans can be studied.

If farmers do get the go-ahead, people may have to start spelling relief "J-A-C-K-H-A-M-M-E-R."

Hot Transistors

A Milwaukeean named Carlisle Dickson has patented the Love Bug, a small (about the size of a cigarette pack) electronic device that will do for the prowling single what rubbing its legs together does for a cricket. Here's how it will work: When a person who wants to improve his (or her) love life purchases the Love Bug, along with the basic gadget—which can be attached to a belt or carried in a pocket—he will get two electronic chips. One is programmed to describe him, the other his ideal match. The chip could include such information as sex, age, race, religion, income, hobbies—and, yes, even horoscope.

The owner now goes out into the cold singles' world, secure in the knowledge that he (or she) need never be lonely as long as his batteries are charged. Arriving at the disco, bar, or beach, the technologically complete single turns on the unit, which simultaneously emits and receives the information on the chips. When compatible singles approach one another, their units emit a beep that intensifies as the hopeful lovers get closer.

But what if the approacher has three eyes, two noses, or otherwise disappoints? Not to worry. You simply press the "decoy" button and the Love Bug sends out a fading signal, as though the two devices are moving apart.

Those who cannot afford to buy the Bug once it is marketed—it will go for an estimated $140—are advised to try a simple "Hello," followed by conversation.

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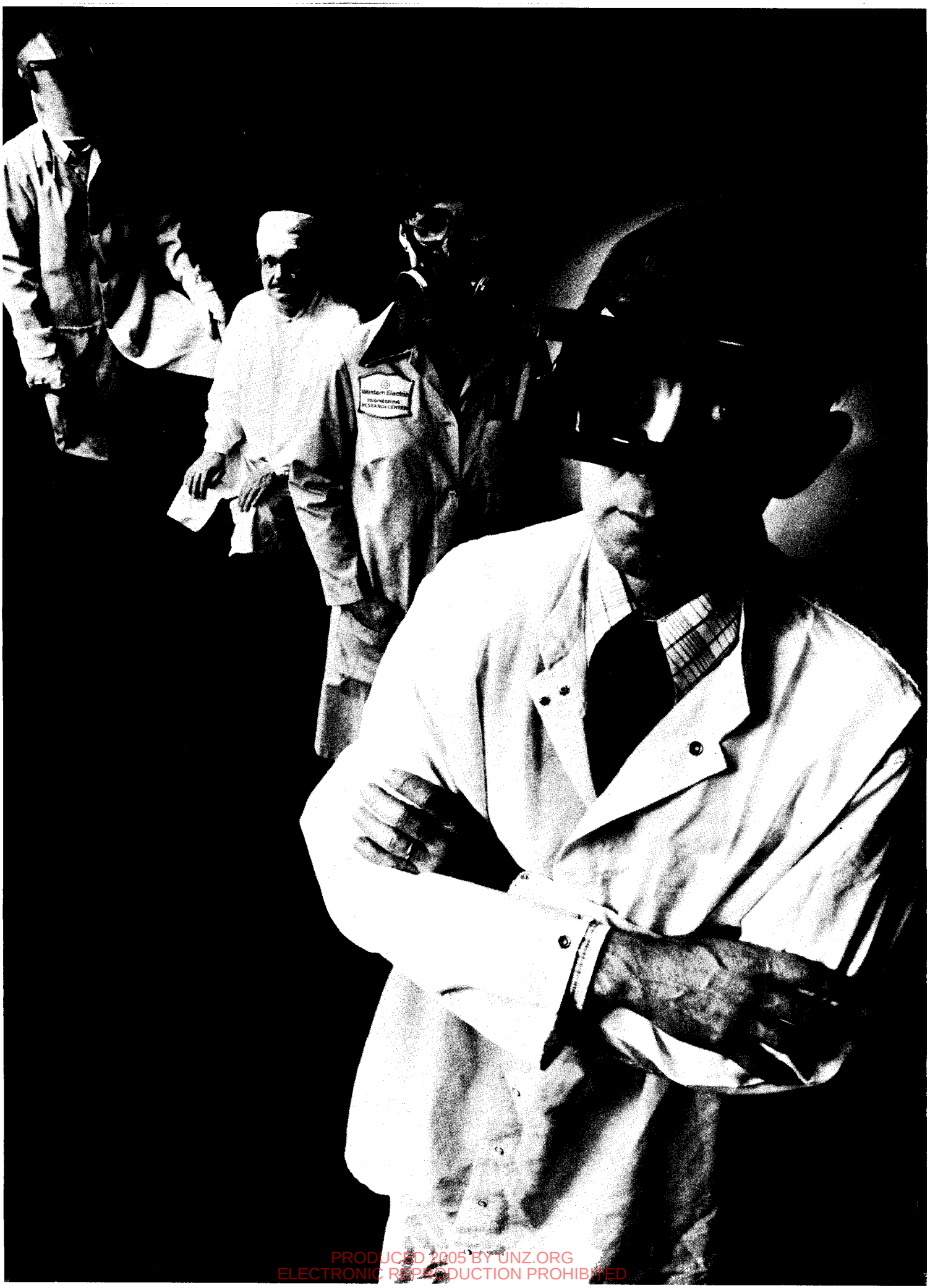

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EDITORIAL

An Exchange With Edward Teller

SHORTLY AFTER the Three Mile Island (TMI) nuclear-plant accident, Dr. Edward Teller, the scientist who is generally known as the father of the hydrogen bomb, made a pronouncement on the subject in a full-page advertisement that appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*. In the text, Dr. Teller scoffed at those who expressed concern over the TMI breakdown and contended that the principal significance of the accident was that it demonstrated just how safe nuclear plants are.

We replied to that advertisement on this page (September 29, 1979), taking exception both to the tone and content of Dr. Teller's letter. He, in turn, has now written to *Saturday Review* castigating the editorial. His letter raises fundamental issues pertaining to national policy—issues important enough to require fuller editorial discussion.

"N.C.'s editorial just came to my attention," Dr. Teller writes. "My statement on Three Mile Island was quoted, together with some remarks from the sharp pen of one of our most literate men and some numbers from his less excellent technical knowledge.

"The best estimate of the number of expected leukemia cases is: a chance of one in a hundred of even a single case. That N.C. quotes a thousand times higher figure will cause every one of hundreds of thousands of cancer victims to feel that he may have been affected by a nuclear reactor.

"I never lobbied for the Price-Anderson Act.... I changed my demand for underground locations of reactors when the continuing operations of 200 reactors in the free world without health-damaging effects convinced me of the safety of present installations.

"N.C. implies that a single stray atom, by destroying chemical bonds, can have harmful effects on human chromosomes. He does not seem to realize that countless millions of chemical bonds are harmlessly dislocated every day. This is proved by the age-old action of cosmic rays. N.C. should concentrate on literature rather than on chemical bonds."

I am grateful to Dr. Teller for taking the trouble to write, but I stand my ground. In predicting cancer and leukemia deaths resulting from the Three Mile Island accident, for example, we are dealing with an equation in which variables can produce a wide range of results. First, scientists disagree on what dose of radiation—measured in person rems—causes cancer. The estimates vary from 75 person rems to several thousand or more. Further complicating the matter is the fact that some people have accumulated far more person rems than others because of X-ray examinations or radiation treatment.

The second major variable in predicting cancer deaths concerns the total amount of radiation released at TMI. Here, too, estimates differ, as the Kemeny Commission Report has emphasized. Albert Gibson, of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), has stated publicly that the exact amount of radiation released may never be known because the monitors inside the plant were "off-scale" at the time. Estimates based on off-site monitor readings and other calculations range from 500 person rems to 5,600 person rems. Obviously, such vast differences in expert opinion will give rise to dramatic contrasts in predictions of casualties. After the accident, for example, Joseph Califano, then secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, testified before Congress that the accident could cause from one to 10 cancer deaths.

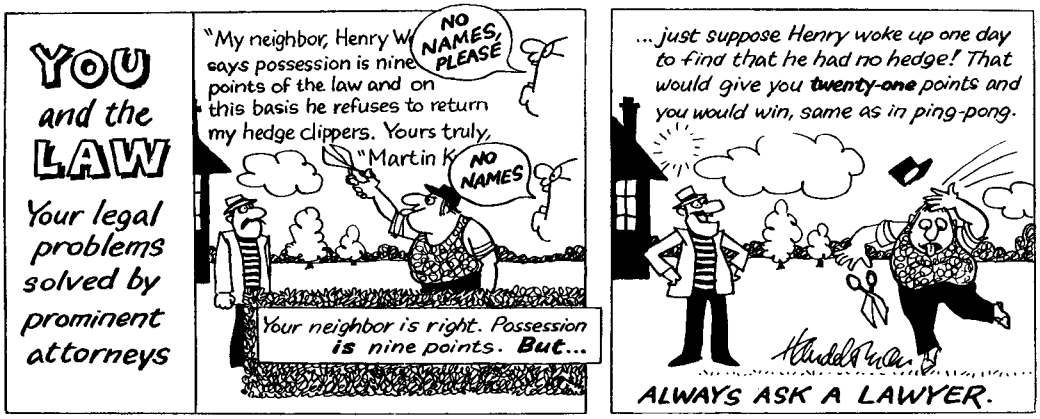
With regard to my statement that a single radioactive atom can cause cancer or leukemia, Dr. Teller's argument is not with me but with a considerable portion of the scientific community, which believes that the disintegration of a radioactive atom, or the penetration of a single cell by a single photon of radiation, can trigger a malignancy. Many scientists also contend that cosmic rays can in fact cause cancer in proportion to the dose delivered.

Dr. Teller states that he did not lobby for passage of the Price-Anderson Act, which limits industry's financial liability for power-plant accidents. I accept his correction. The relevant point, however, is that we do not find Dr. Teller lobbying for *repeal* of the act. If, as he asserts, nuclear reactors are practically foolproof, why should it be necessary for Congress to protect the nuclear industry against legal judgments resulting from harm caused by their plants?

It is puzzling to read that Dr. Teller withdrew his request for underground siting of nuclear plants because of the reassuring safety record of reactors. He gives the impression that the plants have had a perfect operating record. Yet by the industry's own admission, these installations are constantly releasing radiation in their normal operations. Further, enough accidental releases and dysfunctions have occurred to warrant greater concern—not less.

My displeasure over the original statement by Dr. Teller was directed as much to his mocking tone as to the content. Commissioner Peter Bradford of the NRC performed a public service in taking the strongest exception to this approach by Dr. Teller. Commissioner Bradford also pointed out that Dresser Industries, which paid for Dr. Teller's advertisement, is the company that manufactured the faulty valve that played a key role in the TMI accident.

Few decisions to be made in our time are more important than those concerning the development of new sources of energy. The shape of society itself will be affected by these decisions. Thus Americans are not well served by any advertisement that conceals the fact that the sponsor is both an interested and an implicated party. —N.C.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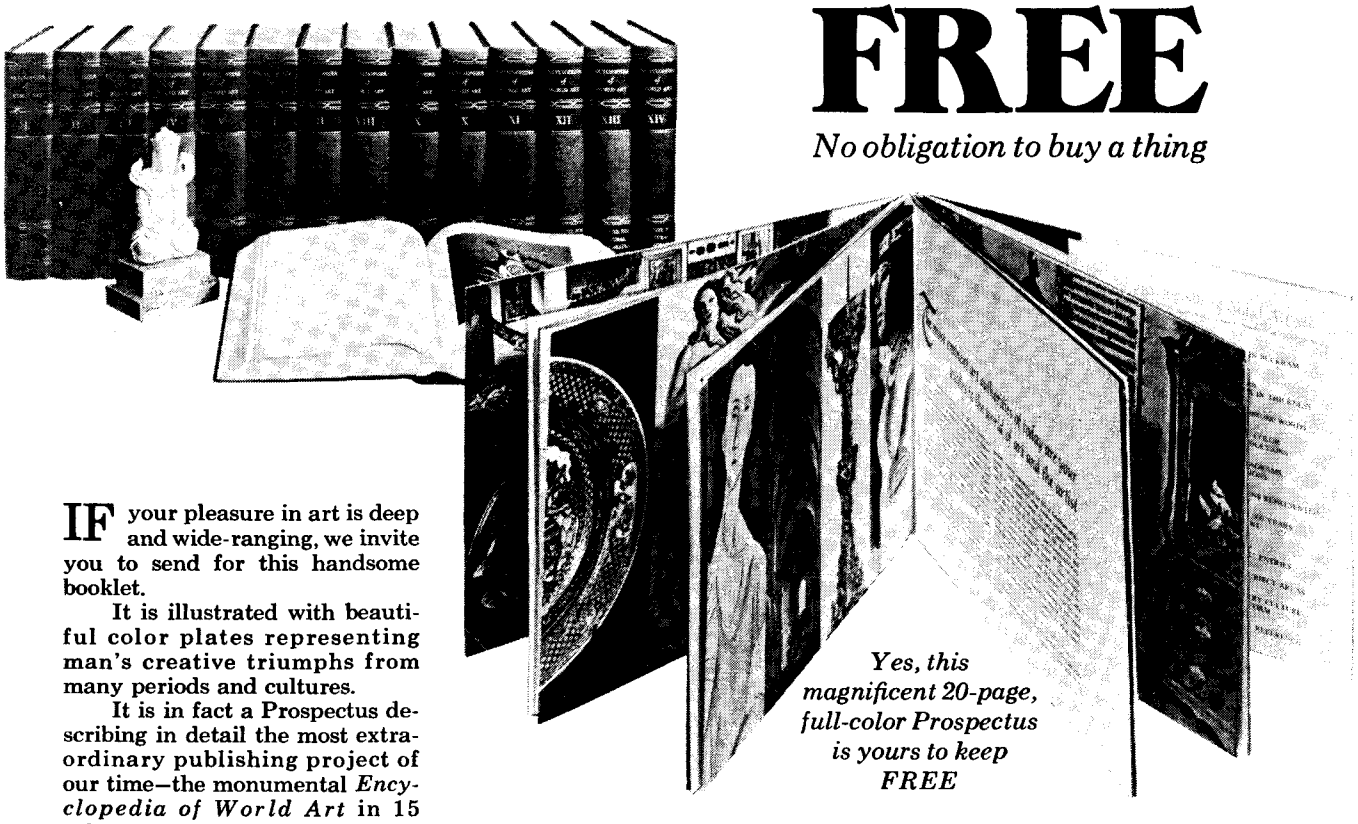

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A Bunch of Visible Marks

THE "BACK TO BASICS" movement in the schools is moving with some speed these days, but it is encountering problems in the field of grammar. Because English grammar has been denigrated by large numbers of influential "educationists" during the past couple of decades, we're faced with a slew of young teachers who don't know much about the rules of the language (see Light Refractions, September 29, 1979).

From time to time, I speak to groups of English teachers. A few years ago, at a small reception before a luncheon where I was scheduled to speak, a young teacher told me she'd heard me before. "I agree with you completely," she said. "I think grammar is important. Of course," she added, "I don't believe in labeling."

"What do you mean by *labeling*?" I asked her.

"Oh, you know—adverbs, adjectives, nouns, stuff like that."

I was struck dumb. I might have managed to say, "Oh." Certainly no more than that. I couldn't understand how she could teach grammar minus adverbs, adjectives, nouns, and "stuff like that."

Thanks to an excellent little book called *What's Happening to American English?* by Arn and Charlene Tibbetts (Scribner's), I think I've learned something about the gap between that teacher and myself.

For several years, I've tried to write in favor of clarity and accuracy in language. I've said that, while language surely changes, we should do what we can to advocate a degree of constancy, that rules are important because they help those who know them to write clearly and accurately.

I had heard of "new grammar" and the new grammarians, but I wasn't sure just what it was or what they stood for; I knew only that they were against the old grammar, which they claimed was crippling to creativity.

The Tibbettses' book enlightened me. They quote Leonard Bloomfield, "the dean of American new grammarians," who in 1933 made the statement, "Writing is not language, but merely a way of recording language by means of visible marks."

That might be an interesting statement; but then, it might not be. If it means that writing is not speech, I have to agree, but, as statements go, this one hardly seems worth making. We've known for a long time that writing consists of visible marks, while speech consists of audible sounds.

What Bloomfield apparently meant, however, was that only speech qualifies for the term *language*. In that sense his statement is, to put it very mildly, strange. It strikes me as particularly strange since I didn't hear it; I saw it as a group of visible marks that I understood to be language.

I'm sure it would be possible to go into a long and perhaps fascinating discussion of the philosophical and philological implications of this paradox, just as we could discuss whether a falling tree makes a noise if no one hears it.

The astonishing and—to me—profoundly disturbing revelation is that Bloomfield's statement not only was taken seriously, but is now one of the basic tenets held by the hierarchy of the National Council of Teachers of English (though not by all the rank-and-file of that enormous organization). The Tibbettses say:

The new grammarians ... allowed a number of their supporters to treat such premises ... as laws handed down on tablets. Thus, the new grammatical Pentalogue approved by the National Council of Teachers of English:

1. Language changes constantly
2. Change is normal
3. Spoken language is the language
4. Correctness rests upon usage
5. All usage is relative.

That any thinking person could seriously endorse such a series of statements—particularly number three—is simply incredible.

Numbers one and two are, of course, true, but it seems to me that, while they are worth noting, they hardly need enunciation as guiding principles; and, as the Tibbettses point out, stasis is just as normal as change (otherwise, we couldn't understand the writing of a hundred years ago).

Numbers four and five, however, raise certain questions. Whose usage? And relative to what?

But that number three is a pip: Spoken language is the language. The clear, inescapable implication here is that written language is *not* the language. That thousands of grownups who subscribe to this bizarre notion should be entrusted with the teaching of writing goes far to explain why so many college students these days prove to be shockingly incompetent writers.

Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Melville, Jefferson, Twain, and so on and on and on are no longer part of the English language. The English language is now the rap session.

Read the Tibbettses' book. It is enjoyable, and it's an important contribution to the current debate over American education. In fact, I think it a shame that Scribner's plugged it principally in professional journals. *What's Happening to American English?* should be a must for anyone who cares about the language. It is a real eye-opener. Scribner's, if you're listening, (notice I said *listening*, not *reading*, implying that these visible marks are language, not mere writing), please give this book a little push. It deserves to be read.

—Thomas H. Middleton

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CARIBBEAN IN CONFLICT

Storm Clouds over Paradise

by Horace Sutton

AT FIRST GLANCE, Key West, the southernmost part of the United States, seems a frivolous island. Where else would the postman arrive in standard government uniform wearing a green stone in his pierced ear? Where else might a cobbler's shop called Shoe Fly sell boots made of python at $175 a pair? Where else would the premier department store be called Fast Buck Freddie's, or the bookstore display in its front window *The Complete Travel Guide to Cuba?*

On the surface Key West is the Capital of Camp, yet only a few blocks from the swirl of shops and bars, at a disused corner of an obsolete naval base, in a building called the Truman Annex, Rear Admiral Thomas Replogle commands the no-nonsense staff of 70 officers and men of the Caribbean Contingency Joint Task Force. They are there because hurricanes of conflict are roiling the Caribbean Sea, stirring violence, revolution, and terrorism on islands that are strung out from the American keys clear to South America, as well as in the Central American republics that form the southwestern curve of the Caribbean basin. It is an area that the United States has written off as an American playland. But while Washington has been preoccupied with the problems of Europe, the Middle East, and Asia, an ominous change has taken place agitated by underdevelopment, overpopulation, failing economics, and Cuban resurgence.

Replogle's prime function, therefore, is to keep binoculars trained on Cuba, 90 miles away and the home of a Soviet brigade. His mission: to call, if necessary, upon airborne troops, naval strike units, the marines, or whatever forces are deemed necessary by him and confirmed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to contain the Caribbean. The job is a critical one, for the United States has vital interests in the area—in order of their importance, oil, aluminum, and access to the Panama Canal. Fifty-two percent of all oil imported by the U.S. flows through the Caribbean Sea. Tankers sail through the deep-water channel alongside the island of Grenada, where the Cubans are building an airfield, on their way to refineries in Houston and New Orleans. There are no other deep-water ports in the south or on the eastern coast of the United States capable of taking supertankers that displace 100,000 tons and have a draft of 90 feet, larger than an aircraft carrier. The closest harbor is Portland, Maine, which can handle a tanker of 70,000 deadweight tons.

Tankers from the Persian Gulf, Nigeria, Venezuela, and other petroleum exporters deliver oil to refineries in the Bahamas, Trinidad, Aruba, and Curaçao. But even after the oil is transshipped to smaller tankers on those Caribbean islands, it must pass through this newly charged area en route to the East Coast of the United States. And if Moscow's aggression in Afghanistan "is a stepping-stone to possible control over much of the world's oil supplies," as President Carter stated in his speech of January 4, the Soviet-Cuban posture in the West Indies is fraught with even more significance. In addition, the United States is dependent upon Caribbean aluminum, the metal of the space age, half of which is provided by Jamaica, an island considered the ripest of those that could fall in the Communist basket. Finally, there is our access to the Panama Canal in case of war, which is no longer assured under the new treaty.

SO FAR THE Cuban-Soviet alliance has been content to push American patience as far as it will go, and at the same time to stir sensitive areas. Objectives are not lacking. In the outer rim tensions run high. Guatemala seethes with political murder. A dozen years ago, John G. Mein became the first United States ambassador ever to be assassinated, killed by Cuban-style rural guerrillas. Two years ago, a new terrorist group kidnapped the Guatemalan foreign minister and four weeks later murdered the Nicaraguan ambassador. President Kjell Laugerud claimed the terrorists got their support and their instructions from Cuba, an allegation that the CIA corroborates. In El Salvador, one weekend last September, 11 people were killed in skirmishes between left and right. Earlier that week leftists had killed the brother of President Carlos Humberto Romero. A banner of the Sandinistas was among the flags left beside the corpse.

Five months after the summer revolution, which at last disposed of the 45-year despotic rule of Anastasio Somoza Debayle, the political flavor of the Nicaraguan junta is still hard to define. Of the top nine Sandinista guerrillas, all young, some well-born, four and perhaps six were primed in Cuba, one in Moscow. Another chose exile in Chile during the reign of Salvador Allende, the late Marxist president. The only Sandinista on the executive junta that governs the nation is Daniel Ortega, a 33-year-old tough-talking revolutionary who spouts anti-imperialist rhetoric. Communes have sprouted on the expropriated Somoza land. "Counterrevolutionary" has become a pejorative label, and certification that one is clear of such taint comes from neighborhood committees that were the underground cells during the revolution. Some of these groups are fiercely militant. A handbill distributed in one district not long ago urged the formation of "strict vigilance committees" whose duty it would be to "watch who enters and leaves the houses of your friends." It urged such suspicious people to be followed, for "they may be counterrevolutionaries." Although no *caudillo,* no strongman has appeared—Ortega is one candidate—and there is no clear determination of the political complexion of what will emerge in Nicaragua, one junta member has said, "We are clearly headed toward some kind of socialist system."

Whatever Castro's hand in Nicaragua may have been or may still be, it is at least equally involved in Puerto Rico, the American commonwealth that leans now toward statehood. Although the State Department denied that any deal was struck, Castro had publicly stated that he would free the last

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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Street battle in San Salvador— "An ominous change has taken place, agitated by failing economics, overpopulation, and Cuban resurgence."

four American prisoners held on political charges in Cuban jails if the United States would free the four Puerto Rican nationalists who had been convicted of violent terrorist activity in the U.S. Three had gained access to the spectator's gallery of the House of Representatives in 1954 and, opening fire, had wounded five congressmen. One had tried to assassinate President Truman at Blair House in 1950. They were released on September 10 last year, and a week later Castro commuted the sentences of his American prisoners.

Even though the New Progressive party, advocating statehood and led by San Juan Mayor Hernan Padilla and Governor Carlos Romero Barceló, polled 49 percent of the vote in 1976 (while the Independistas, Marxists included, polled 6 percent), the released nationalist terrorists were unrepentant and vowed to keep up the fight. "We are stronger than ever, more committed than ever," said newly freed Lolita Lebron. "I hate bombs, but we might have to use them," she declared.

Less than three months later, terrorists in Puerto Rico ambushed a bus filled with navy men and women, killing two and wounding 10. "We are in a state of war," roared the head of the Communist party. "The war" broke out when a group of independence advocates, seeking to create an incident, trespassed on posted federal land on the island of Vieques, east of Puerto Rico, where the U.S. Navy was holding maneuvers. Arrested, the demonstrators refused bail and were arraigned before a federal judge, a Puerto Rican. He offered them dismissal of sentence in return for a promise not to demonstrate again on Vieques. The offer was spurned, and Angel Rodriguez Cristobal was enjoined by the other demonstrators not to offer a defense. Instead the band challenged the jurisdiction of the federal courts to operate in Puerto Rico. They were given six months in jail, fined $1,000, and remanded to a federal penitentiary. Since there are none on the island they were flown to mainland prisons. Rodriguez landed in the Federal Correctional Institution at Tallahassee. There, he was a recalcitrant prisoner and tried repeatedly to wound himself by cracking his head against the bars of his cell. Placed in solitary, he hung himself. Whether this tragic turn was an act of martyrdom to incite further unrest, whether it came as the result of instability of the inmate, or whether he had met with foul play became an immediate subject of wild speculation in Puerto Rico among all classes.

The Independista movement, backed by Marxist elements and possessed of a bottomless treasury, went on the radio crying "assassination." The message was repeated over and over until it was believed in circles not at all in sympathy with the movement. As sophisticated a Puerto Rican as Ricardo Alegria, long the head of the Puerto Rican Institute of Culture and responsible for the island's magnificent plan for colonial restoration, told me quite soberly that Angel Rodriguez Cristobal had been sent off the island, which meant double punishment, and that when the prison guards cut him down he had a large gash on his face. There was no doubt in Alegria's mind that he had been killed by sinister forces. A mild-mannered middle executive for an American company who lives in Ponce and is not given to polemics told me matter-of-factly that it was the work of the CIA. To what end, to serve what means, he didn't seem to know. He had heard the radio say "assassination" enough times to believe it.

Yet records of Angel Rodriguez Cristobal show he was separated from government military service for 100 percent neuropsychiatric disability. He had been undergoing treatment as an out-patient for a condition diagnosed as schizophrenia of the undifferentiated type. His medical history shows he had previously tried to destroy himself. With that background he could have had the charges dropped for mental instability, but was otherwise persuaded. Rodriguez's disordered mental condition was vaguely hinted at when the news of his hanging first broke, but although detailed information was offered to *El Mundo*, the oldest San Juan daily, the full story was never printed and the accusation of foul play continues to be widely believed to this day.

So determined is the leftist block to thwart full Puerto Rican entry into the United States that Cuba and Iraq pushed a proposal through the United Nations calling for hearings on the internal matter of the independence of Puerto Rico.

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DOWN THE ISLAND CHAIN, Prime Minister Eric Gairy, the dictatorial leader of Grenada, was deposed last March and replaced by Maurice Bishop, an opposition leader. A new airport is being built by the Cubans. And the *Torchlight*, which supported Bishop when he was in opposition to Gairy, and which now questioned Bishop's new-found friendship with Cubans and Russians, was shut down.

When Prime Minister Milton Cato of St. Vincent won a landslide victory over Marxists and other opponents in December, armed terrorists seized the five-square-mile island of Union midway between St. Vincent and Grenada. Cato had promised to help stem the tide of leftist government sweeping the Caribbean. This seemed to be Grenada's response—democratic process challenged by terrorist revolt.

The most enigmatic character in the Caribbean, and prime minister of Jamaica, the sea's most questionable country, is Michael Manley, the light-skinned charismatic leader who is the son of an English actress and of Norman Manley, the island's first prime minister, still highly esteemed.

In 1978 Jamaica received $22 million in U.S. aid. It exports bauxite and bananas, and before its recent travail, fraught not only with hostile politics but outrageous crime, had been a tourist favorite for Hilton- and Inter-Continental-style holiday seekers, as well as for wealthy Americans and Britons, many of whom maintained winter villas there. Since 1972 when he first took office (and soon declared American ambassador Vincent de Roulet persona non grata), Manley has swung his government closer and closer to Cuba. His son studies in Havana. Cubans by the hundreds are in Jamaica for the avowed purpose of working in schools and hospitals. The Jamaican police force, which is larger than the Jamaican army, is Cuban trained. Those constables who found Castro's control personally unacceptable have, like many of Jamaica's professional people, emigrated to the United States.

Traveling in the Jamaican boondocks, Manley affects Jamaica pidgin. But for a speech in Miami at the Conference on Caribbean Trade Investment and Development, last November, he was all Western businessman.

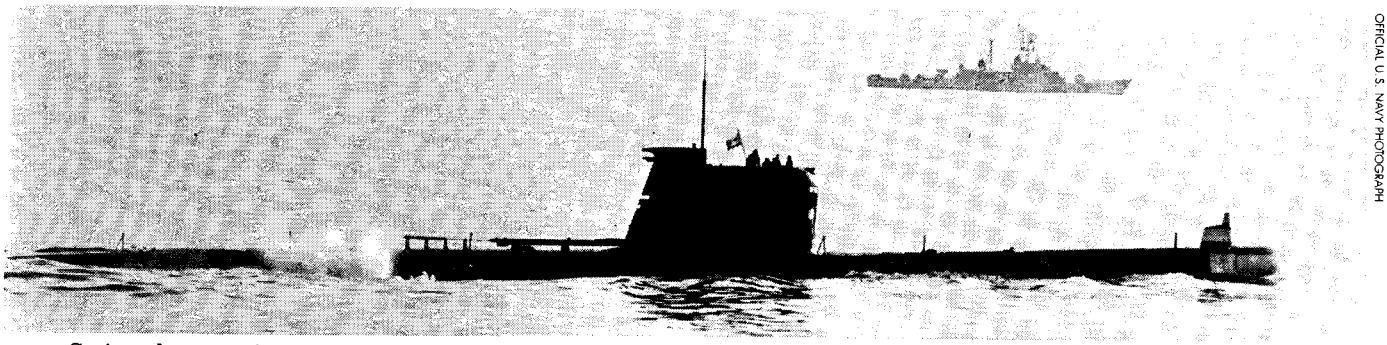
It had been alleged, he said, that the government of Jamaica is anti-West and anti-American. "This is absolutely untrue," he offered in rebuttal. I have the profoundest admiration for both the people and the achievements of the great Western democracies. The gifts to civilization of this group of nations beggar description in terms of technology, material standards, artistic and cultural accomplishments, respect for personal liberties, and evolution of highly advanced and sophisticated political systems and processes."

While Manley was effectively blowing smoke in the hall in Miami, Jamaicans violently opposed to the direction in which he is leading the country were demonstrating noisily across the street. They shouted imprecations through bullhorns, carried signs reading "Manley Does What Fidel Says" and "Manley Is a Communist Dictator," all in loud objection to his presence and his policies. Manley has been in a running battle with the *Gleaner*, a 145-year-old independently owned daily newspaper published in Kingston. Though he once called it "truly a great newspaper," he has, since it has scored him for his clubby relationship with the Cuban ambassador, taken to calling it "the North St. whorehouse."

The *Gleaner* claimed that the envoy, Ulises Estrada-Lescalles, had issued threatening statements and it asked for him to be withdrawn. Indeed, Western intelligence identifies Estrada-Lescalles as an agent of DGI, the Cuban intelligence apparatus. Manley has vaguely threatened the *Gleaner* with extinction. To turn the screw, government ministers accused members of the *Gleaner*'s board of lying, breaking the law, and publishing partisan articles.

Manley's speech at the Miami Conference, where he sought international trade, investment, and development, was in marked contrast to a lengthy peroration he delivered only two months earlier at the Non-Aligned Nations Conference in Havana. There he was the perfect parrot for the Kremlin line. Seventeen times, as he threaded his way along the party pathway, he referred to Fidel Castro as "Comrade President." Manley ran through a litany of leaders whom he called "catalyst and rock." Among them: Marcus Garvey, the Harlem black who advocated a back-to-Africa movement; Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana; Lenin; and of course, Castro himself. He wrung his hands over "the forces of progress extinguished in Guatemala and snuffed out, like a candle in the Dominican Republic." As for Cuba, he said of a nation that is supported by $2 billion in Soviet grants, buys its oil from Moscow at $14 a barrel, gets 95 percent of its steel and all of its sheet metal from Russia, and accepts military equipment for its overseas adventures and its home defense, "We are absolutely satisfied that Cuba is a nonaligned country." He condemned "those who malign you and your country as a surrogate acting on foreign orders." Manley lauded Grenada's turn to the left, rejoiced in the Sandinista success, called for the "support of those who struggle for Puerto Rican independence regardless of whether they are in the minority at this time." He demanded the return of Guantanamo Bay, asked for the recognition of the PLO as the "sole representative of the Palestine peoples."

THAT SPEECH SET off warning bells in the State Department whose measured assistant secretaries don't flap easily. Taken together with the Cuban specter to the north, the threats seemed very real indeed to the Pentagon and especially to NATO far across another sea. The presence in Cuba of the 3,000-man Soviet brigade and untold MIG-23s was one thing. The Soviets' agile deployment of troops—as evidenced by the fast action in the Afghanistan invasion (compared with the seemingly sluggish movement of U.S. Marines in an excursion to bolster Guantanamo last fall)—was sobering. Far more chilling is the potential use of Cienfuegos, on the southern coast of Cuba, dead north of Grand Cayman, as a Soviet submarine base in time of war. Work has been proceeding at the base all through the Seventies, and as of now it will accommodate two submarines as well as their tenders and crews. Cuba operates one submarine of the Foxtrot class given them by the Soviet navy, but this month a second one, also donated by Moscow, is being towed across the Atlantic, doubling the Cuban undersea capability. The recently retired commander of NATO's Atlantic forces, Admiral



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Soviet submarine shadowed by USS Jonas Ingram— *"Far more chilling is the use of Cienfuegos as a Soviet base in time of war."*

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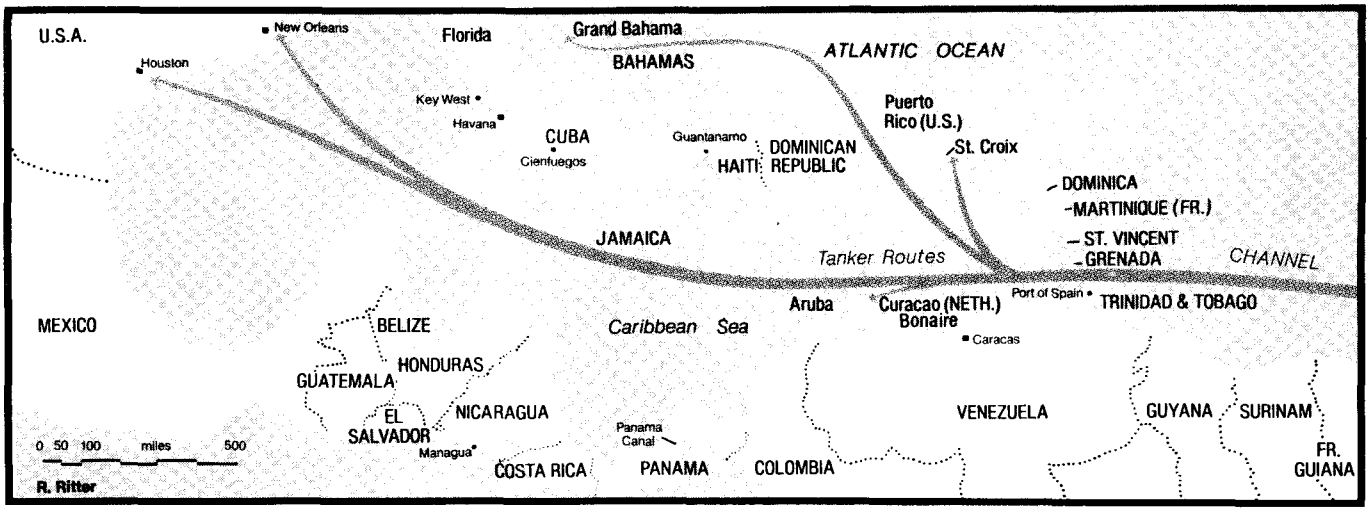

America's oil flow, Central America, and the Caribbean— "An escalation of terrorism and guerrilla warfare is the grim future."

Isaac Kidd, has said that any increased Moscow presence or Moscow-allied presence in West Indian waters could, in case of war, severely harry an American supply line reinforcing Europe.

According to the naval scenario, the northern route to Europe by way of Greenland, Iceland, and on to the British Isles would be threatened by Soviet submarines and by Backfire bombers, both based in Murmansk. Were the Russians to move forward to airfields in Norway, the Soviet bombers could attack ships in the south Atlantic, forming an effective pincers with submarines operating from Cienfuegos.

American diplomatic sources familiar with the island nations see no real Cuban-Soviet master plan for domination of the Caribbean. "Everything is going well for them," one official says, "they can sit back and choose targets of oppor-

Manley, left, and Romero— "Warning bells at State."

tunity." Ambassador Lawrence Pezullo, the American envoy in Managua, thinks the concept of a red star shining over the Caribbean is "too dramatic." Yet if our geopolitical generals and admirals are writing "what-if" scenarios, it is not an extreme stretch of the imagination to assume that Kremlin war-room planners are making their own sketches, too. Had the Pearl Harbor attack been proposed as a possibility in 1940 it would have been dismissed as fanciful and dramatic.

The Heritage Foundation, a Washington-based think-tank generally viewed as conservative, recently published a carefully documented paper in which it concluded that the Sandinista victory is part of a long term, carefully planned campaign to reduce the influence of the United States in Latin America. The report termed the outbreaks of violence and revolt around the Caribbean rim far more than merely "indigenous protests or spontaneous rebellions against oppressive regimes." Rather, the report says, "They are part of an internationally orchestrated campaign of subversion and terrorism. Almost every significant Latin American terrorist group of left-wing orientation has had or has today links with Cuba or the Soviet Union or both."

The Soviets have effectively controlled the Cuban DGI (Direccion General de Intelligencia) since 1970. Largely responsible for Cuban support of Latin American terrorists, DGI has been under the direct control of the KGB for almost all of Castro's years. All anti-Soviet personnel were removed from the DGI by Raul Castro in 1970. Supervising the DGI in Havana is Vassily Petrovich Semenov, a KGB general who resides with his staff in the Cuban capital.

An escalation of terrorism and guerrilla warfare in Latin America, with U.S. businessmen and diplomats its targets, is part of the grim prediction for the future. Concomitantly, the Soviets and the Cubans will attempt to destabilize and overthrow pro-American governments to reduce further U.S. political and economic influence in Latin America.

Warships of the Soviet fleet are frequently deployed in the Caribbean and cruise on sea lanes that are vital to the United States. Reconnaissance aircraft fly the ocean. Soviet intelligence-gathering vessels run along the East Coast. The Kremlin presence in Cuba now numbers between 4,000-6,000 civilian advisers, and 2,000 premanently assigned military personnel, in addition to the 3,000-man brigade. This challenge to the southern security of the United States will be augmented when Cuban troops, some 37,000 of them, return home from their global adventures in Angola, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Guinea, Libya, and elsewhere, and begin to look for something to do.

HOW DID WE GET in such a fix in the Caribbean that most Americans have thought of only as a balmy retreat for winter pleasure? Very possibly, says one State Department analyst, because we thought of this benevolent sea in the cushy terms of Sunday-supplement travel sections. We have failed to see the needs and the suffering of those who live there. The million-dollar villas built by Americans in Jamaica are in shocking contrast to the pathetic street signs chalked on Kingston walls that say, "The poor can't take no more."

As Oliver Serephine, prime minister of tiny Dominica pointed out at the recent Miami Conference on Caribbean Trade Investment and Development, the per capita GNP in 1977 ranged from $230 in Haiti to $2,380 in Trinidad and Tobago. The average per capita GNP of the least-developed Caribbean common market nations was $600 compared to a per capita GNP in the United States in 1977 of $8,520. "The deep deprivation of our people in the basic necessities of life—food, clothing, housing, education, and medicare," Serephine

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THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS SEASON TWO ON PBS TV

Made possible by Exxon Corporation, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

Twelfth Night—February 27

This happy comedy of fun and foolishness, of mistaken identity and thwarted pomposity stars Felicity Kendal as the shipwrecked Viola and Alec McCowen as the quintessential killjoy, Malvolio.

Richard II—March 19

This encore performance leads off the season's history cycle and resounds with some of Shakespeare's noblest speeches. Starring Derek Jacobi as Richard and John Gielgud as John of Gaunt.

Henry IV, Part One—March 26

A tale of rebellious nobles and comic tavern roistering, this play introduces Shakespeare's most loveable scoundrel, Sir John Falstaff, played by Anthony Quayle. Also starring: Jon Finch and Tim Pigott-Smith.

Henry IV, Part Two—April 9

Civil war continues. And King Henry and Falstaff display the darker sides of their characters. Again Anthony Quayle as Falstaff and Jon Finch in the title role—with David Gwillim as the fun-loving prince, transformed at the end into the perfect renaissance king.

Henry V—April 23

Shakespeare's image of the ideal ruler, Henry V—again portrayed by David Gwillim—wins the battle of Agincourt and the hand of the fair Katherine, princess of France.

The Tempest—May 7

Magic, machinations and forgiveness characterize this, the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. Michael Hordern plays Prospero, the magician/ruler. His daughter Miranda is played by Pippa Guard.

"The Shakespeare Plays" is a co-production of BBC/Time-Life Television.
Save these pages for a handy reference guide.

Check your local listing for time and PBS Channel.

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said, "is heightened by our proximity and constant exposure to North American living standards."

He called for a major attack on Caribbean poverty, to be implemented by investments and joint ventures in agro-industries, fruit processing, furniture manufacturing, production of building materials using indigenous raw materials, garment manufacture, and tourism. Raw materials, "vast pools of labor," and a "determination to develop industrially" are what island nations have to offer the larger nations.

Both Prime Minister Serephine and Jacobo Majluta, vice president of the Dominican Republic, have scored protective tariffs which invoke "competitive need criteria" that keep Caribbean goods out of the United States market. Serephine acknowledged that pressure groups in the U.S. would fight for limited market access, but it must be realized that "developing countries will quickly spend their export receipts on imports of manufactured goods and services that developed countries supply."

A trenchant political note was added to those basic economics by Vice President Majluta. "It is utterly incompatible with leading nations, supporters of a democratic style of life, to exercise such restrictive policies over the free enterprise only to protect inefficient areas of their economies, in detriment to those small nations whom they call their allies with whom they share noble ideals of justice, liberty, and progress." The Miami hall, filled with delegates, stood up at that and awarded the Dominican delegate an ovation.

Young Caribbean leaders turn to the Cuban role model because it appears to offer instant results. And they need an instant turn-around to hold their constituency, one of the youngest in the world. The Caribbean median age is 16 compared to 29 in the United States. But the unemployment index varies between 15 and 35 percent, compared to 5.9 percent in the U.S. For the new, young leaders Castro is a romantic figure who, in the words of one State Department official, "kicked Uncle Sam in the pants for years and got away with it." The alternatives of emulating the economic and political patterns of European democracies from which they have only recently been freed, or those of the United States, which has neglected them and/or used them, emerge as unattractive. Says Ambassador Pezullo, "When they talk about a democratic or capitalistic model, it has been implemented so badly and so oppressively and so corruptly that it doesn't show well, and part of that is what brings about radical change. Bad businessmen and corrupt leaders are not good examples of either capitalism or democracy."

THE OTHER WINTER'S NIGHT, with balmy winds blowing across the Condado lagoon in San Juan, I stood with hundreds of Puerto Ricans on the ramparts of a colonial fort that helped repel an invasion led by Sir Francis Drake in 1595. Huge bursts of fireworks exploded in the sky above the Caribe Hilton in celebration of that hotel's 30th anniversary. It was also the anniversary of Operation Bootstrap, designed by Puerto Ricans and financed by mainland Americans to lift that island out of the economic pits. Two years before that, in 1947, on my first visit to the island, I had viewed shanty towns with open sewers that in their squalor were worse than any I had ever encountered.

Now Puerto Rico, despite a food-stamp program larger than any of the 50 states, has the highest standard of living south of the Rio Grande. It has pulled itself up with the help of jobs and investment provided by such American companies as General Electric, Westinghouse, Star-Kist Tuna, Union Carbide, Pfizer, Eli Lilly, and Searle. Operation Bootstrap is one of the most successful economic schemes in the world.

"We are bullish on Puerto Rico where we have had a presence for 25 years because the track record there has been good for decades," says Charles Ramos, a vice-president of Merrill Lynch. "When Puerto Rico wishes to sell its bonds it clears them through a management group that includes First National Bank of Boston, Solomon Brothers, Blyth, Banco Popular, Weidman, and Merrill Lynch. We sold a $100 million bond issue for the Puerto Rico Electric Power Authority. It was oversubscribed. We had orders for $148 million. The demand was staggering. It proved the faith of mainland U.S. institutions in Puerto Rico even though the island sits in the center of the Caribbean."

Governor Carlos Romero Barceló says flatly, "We haven't had an effective Latin American or Caribbean policy, so what can be expected of these countries? Who is there to listen to them and to lead them? Has there been a commitment from government to support a Caribbean policy? Has someone been specifically designated? If someone has been given that responsibility, who knows about it? Is he visible?"

Although Puerto Rico should stand as effective a role model for Caribbean governments *in extremis* as does Cuba, it seems difficult for us, Romero says, "to export our success the way Cubans export revolution, socialism, and communism."

Romero is never consulted on Caribbean matters. A Washington diplomat deeply involved with the Caribbean waves off Puerto Rico as an area outside his responsibility because it is an American territory. Says Romero, "I haven't even been asked about decisions on the Caribbean even though I have a feeling for this region that perhaps transcends the knowledge of those who have studied the islands more than I."

In arguing the case against Cuban influence and for democratic advancement and free enterprise in the Caribbean, Ambassador Philip Habib, President Carter's special representative for Latin America, says plainly, "We oppose Cuba's adventurism in this hemisphere as elsewhere and we will continue to do so. One-quarter of Cuba's gross national product is accounted for by its relationship to the Soviet Union, yet Cuba still has not escaped economic underdevelopment. In fact, Cuba is trapped in a new and unprecedented dependency.... No other country votes as systematically with the Soviet Union in the United Nations.... No Caribbean nation need barter its independence for security. Our companies do not seek to dictate national policies, concludes Habib.

But more than rhetoric is needed. Comprehensive aid visibly stamped "URGENT" will be a basic requirement to return stability to the Caribbean and restore it to democratic process. As Dominica's Serephine put it, "When Hurricane David devastated my country a few months ago, the response from your government was quick and substantial. The world responds to crisis brought about by natural disaster with sympathy and immediate action. The economics of the Caribbean states is in grave crisis as we move into the 1980s. It is my fervent hope that the same spirit of cooperation for development will influence the response of your country to the needs of the region in this crisis." The hurricane has hit. The time for rescue is now. Poverty is the scourge and humanitarianism the motive. To fail is not only to be callous, is not only to be immoral, it is also to court a real threat to the veritable security of the nation and ultimately its commitment to its allies abroad. ◉

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Admiral Replogle with Secretary Harold Brown—"No nonsense."

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The New Libertarians
Stripping Government of Its Powers

by Michael Nelson

CARLOS LLERENA-AGUIRRE

THE LIBERTARIAN PARTY has been around since the presidential election of 1972, but the interesting thing about it this year is that you probably have heard of it. Half the explanation is that, for the first time, the party's presidential nomination convention, held last September in Los Angeles, drew a covey of national political reporters, whose stories went out all over the country. The other half is the reason all those reporters were there: the astonishing 1.3 million votes that 200 Libertarian candidates for state and local offices won in 1978.

Both the press coverage and the party's success at the polls show how far the Libertarians have come since 1972, when their 85 founding members met in Denver and nominated philosophy professor John Hospers for president. Hospers that year received all of 5,000 popular votes in November, though thanks to renegade Nixon elector Roger MacBride of Virginia, he and running mate Theodora Nathan each got an electoral vote. (Hers was the first ever cast for a woman.) In 1976 the same MacBride, a lawyer and television producer of *Little House on the Prairie,* won 174,000 votes when he ran. Things picked up even more in 1977, when the Cato Institute, a Libertarian think-tank analogous to the Brookings Institution and the American Enterprise Institute, was established. But 1978 was the climactic year. Not only did the party receive a million-plus votes, but 6,000 of them won Dick Randolph a seat in the Alaska House of Representatives, the first Libertarian elected anywhere. Even more remarkable, a middle-aged lawyer for the Atlantic Richfield Company named Ed Clark received 377,960 votes in his race for governor of California. Clark is now the party's candidate for president in 1980.

The Libertarians bill themselves as "The Party of Principle," so it is no surprise that their platform, which changes little from year to year, opens with a cogent "Statement of Principles." Its central thought is:

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We hold that all individuals have the right to exercise sole dominion over their own lives, and have the right to live in whatever manner they choose, so long as they do not forcibly interfere with the equal right of others to live in whatever manner they choose. Governments throughout history have regularly operated on the opposite principle.

That is more than just homily: Libertarians say they would virtually abolish government. "There aren't any three branches of government," said one speaker at the September convention. "It's all government. And it sucks."

Angry words about big government are something one ordinarily associates with the political Right. And, to be sure, there is much in the Libertarian platform that will sound good to conservatives. If it had its way, the party would abolish the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), the Federal Reserve Board, and every other government regulatory agency. It would end social security and welfare. It even would let the free market make decisions on nuclear power.

But to Libertarians, being against government means being against it in *all* its manifestations—moral and military, as well as economic. The first plank in their platform calls for a complete decriminalization of drug use, prostitution, homosexuality, gambling, and suicide. It goes on to demand the withdrawal of all American forces from abroad.

As important as the substance of the Libertarian effort has been its reception. Although the media are beginning to pay attention to the party, they tend not to take it seriously. The Libertarians are portrayed as cute. Columnists Carey McWilliams and Joseph Sobran found them "young, brash" and "colorful and cranky," respectively. "If they are crazy," wrote the *Progressive*, "theirs is an articulate, good-humored craziness." *Newsweek* dubbed them "the Libbies" and sprinkled its lead paragraph with words like "unabashedly" and "big doin's." Reading about the Libertarians since their convention brings to mind Sunday living-section stories about high-school essay winners that conclude: "John says he hopes to be president someday. Who knows? He just might make it."

Cuteness's first cousin, of course, is condescension; we rarely take seriously that which we find cute. After all, Clark's goal of up to 4 percent of the popular vote in 1980 is more than any third party (one-shot candidates like George Wallace excepted) has won since the Socialists got 6 percent in 1912. (An old *New York Times* clip finds Roger MacBride predicting up to 10 million votes in the election of 1976.) As for the Libertarians replacing a major party, which Clark says "is well within the realm of possibility" by the 1990s, the last time that happened was 1856, when the Republicans knocked off the Whigs.

Yet the Libertarians should not be laughed away. For all their desire to do away with government and politics, they have become politically skillful strategists. They are building an intellectual and institutional infrastructure that should provide a strong foundation for their electoral efforts not only in 1980, but beyond. They are well-financed and shrewd in their use of funds. And they are very much in touch with the times.

MORE THAN CLARK, MacBride, or the party's other candidates for office, Edward Crane is responsible for the organizational rise of the Libertarian party. Crane, a former institutional investment analyst who invariably is described as young and athletic-looking, was one of the 85 at the Libertarians' founding convention. It was an odd assemblage—"I knew that as a believer in individual liberty it was good to tolerate alternative lifestyles," he recalls, "but I didn't realize how many alternatives there were." Not only was the group diverse—it ranged from anarchists dressed in black to hard-money adherents who wore gold chains—but it also was disposed more to debating arcane questions of dogma than to building a political party. Crane says that when he got there, he almost turned around and left.

VANO PHOTOGRAPHY

Party Chairman Edward H. Crane—dreams of a society without government.

Nonetheless, Crane saw enough promise in libertarianism's future to accept the party's vice-chairmanship for southern California and try to use his position to build a viable party. Almost despite the Libertarians, he realized, things were likely to start breaking their way. After all, the student movements of the Sixties had been aimed largely at Libertarian targets—the draft, the military-industrial complex, and an interventionist foreign policy, as well as government restrictions on drugs and sex—and as the Left burned out in the early Seventies, part of the residue seemed willing to be wooed to libertarianism. The task, as Crane now saw it, was to demonstrate both to them and to the old-style, laissez-faire economics libertarians—the kind who worship Ayn Rand and put TANSTAAFL stickers on their bumpers ("There ain't no such thing as a free lunch")—that they had common cause.

Crane's efforts came at some cost: "There's always a sense of proprietorship in a movement's original core group, and when it grows and [the core] sees [it is] going to lose control..., there is resentment," he says. But on the whole he succeeded. He managed to broaden the Libertarians' base and create a cadre of former antiwar activists experienced in political organization. Crane was rewarded for his work: In 1974 he became national party chairman.

One of his first acts on the job was to move the party's headquarters from California to Washington in preparation for the 1976 presidential campaign. "That's where the major parties and the major political media are, so that's where we had to be if we were going to be taken seriously," he says. Crane also set a goal of making MacBride the third highest vote-getter in 1976, in order to sort out the Libertarians from the Vegetarians, Prohibitionists, and other fringe parties in the public mind. If Hospers had run a front-porch campaign, MacBride would put in 18-hour days traveling around the country. Hospers had been on two state ballots; MacBride would be on 32. The strategy worked: Although the Libertarians received only two-tenths of 1 percent of the popular vote, that was good enough to place them third behind the Democrats and Republicans.

But going "from thirteenth party to third party in the country," as Crane grandly puts it, wasn't the best thing that happened to the Libertarians in 1976. Charles Koch was. Koch, at 40, was the head of Koch Industries, a family-owned oil distribution company that *Forbes* says "may well be the U.S.'s most profitable private business," with Koch himself "well on the way to becoming a billionaire." Like his father, Fred Koch, the founder of the firm, Charles had a deep avocational interest in politics; un-

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like his father, though, an arch-conservative who helped found the John Birch Society, he was wholly libertarian in philosophy. In 1974, he had established the Charles Koch Foundation in Wichita, Kansas, his home, to promulgate the views of laissez-faire economists like Ludwig von Mises. During the 1976 campaign, Koch met Ed Crane, who urged him to do more for the cause. Koch agreed.

After the election, the two men laid out projects that MacBride estimates have cost Koch $10-$20 million to implement. Essentially their plans called for the Charles Koch Foundation to become the Cato Institute (its new namesake wrote pseudonymous, libertarian-sounding essays for London newspapers in the 1720s); move from Wichita to San Francisco; and extend its mandate to that of a full-scale, public-policy institute. Crane, who became Cato's director when the transformation took place in January 1977, says the institute is nonpartisan—"small-l Libertarian"—but that billing seems to be mostly a legal nicety to keep Koch's donations tax-exempt. Cato's real function is to provide an intellectual infrastructure for the Libertarian party's political development. To further that end, the institute supports libertarian-oriented research (into the flaws of social security, the income tax, and American foreign policy, for example) and publicizes libertarian ideas through conferences, syndicated radio shows, and magazines.

Cato's activities embody the Crane strategy for broadening the party's base: Attract opinion leaders by playing up issues that they and the Libertarians agree on. Thus, though William Proxmire and Nicholas von Hoffman may not be down-the-line Libertarians who want to see government abolished, Cato syndicates their radio commentaries because it likes the luster their names bring. Similarly, *Inquiry*, an attractive semi-monthly magazine published by Cato, reaches out to writers like Anthony Burgess, Noam Chomsky, and Eugene McCarthy for articles and essays on issues where their views and the party's coincide.

The hope, of course, is that people lured into the Libertarian store by one item will stay and do all their shopping there. In some cases, this appears to be happening. The Koch-financed Students for a Libertarian Society (SLS), for instance, was getting nowhere until it started centering its efforts on opposition to the draft, which several congressmen have been trying to reinstitute. At least some of the students attracted to SLS meetings by this issue stayed on when they found that they also agreed with the party's views on the evils of affirmative action, antimarijuana laws, and other nemeses. SLS now claims to have chapters on 100 campuses.

LIBERTARIANS HAVE pursued a similar course in their recent electoral efforts. When Ed Clark ran for governor of California, he campaigned hardest on three initiatives placed on the ballot by non-Libertarians: Proposition 6, which would have required school boards to fire homosexual teachers (Clark was against it); Proposition 5, an antismoking initiative (also against); and the notorious tax-cut initiative, Proposition 13, which Clark alone of the candidates strongly supported. His stands not only won Clark almost 400,000 votes, but more than 70,000 people subsequently registered as Libertarian, enough to secure the party a permanent line on the California ballot.

Presidential Candidate Ed Clark—willing to settle for less, like billions in spending cuts.

Judging from his behavior thus far, Clark will run for president the same way, only more so. He talks about the need to do market research this time, "to find out what issues would cause people to vote for a third party." His election brochure is almost a caricature of the standard political flyer, with pictures of the candidate talking into a battery of microphones, standing alongside his wife, and carrying his own bag off an airplane. His speeches, rather than painting a vision of what a Libertarian utopia would be like, simply attack the most unpopular features of the political system we have now.

This is shrewd politics, something one usually does not associate with ideological third parties. Clark's proposals for "spending cuts in the tens of billions of dollars," including abolition of the Department of Energy, OSHA, and other unpopular federal agencies, are likely to strike chords as resonant on the Right as his attacks on increased military spending and aid to Chrysler will on the Left. Clark is, moreover, an engaging speaker with an effective rhetorical style ("The draft is the ultimate in victimless crimes. The crime is turning 18. The punishment is two years hard labor") and a sharp tongue ("When you vote for Jerry Brown, you vote for the Gallup Poll. He's the leading comedian in American politics").

Perhaps the Libertarians' greatest asset this year, however, is that their individualistic philosophy is so much in harmony with the "me decade," which did not end with the new year. When Crane defines libertarianism, he sounds as if he is talking about est or TM: "Each of us has a limited life-energy and it's ours to spend as we choose. Applying that philosophy to different aspects of life is what libertarianism is all about." It comes as no surprise to find that the latest best-seller by Robert Ringer—the admitted "failure" in college and business who succeeded by writing *Winning Through Intimidation* and *Looking Out for Number 1*—is a libertarian manifesto called *Restoring the American Dream*.

Nor will Clark and the Libertarians lack for funds to spread their campaign message. In a clever move, David Koch, Charles's younger brother, was given the party's vice-presidential nomination in order to take advantage of a quirk in the campaign finance law that allows candidates to contribute as much as they want to their own campaigns (the rest of us are limited to $1,000). Koch already had pledged $500,000 with hints of more to come, and party treasurer Jule Herbert hopes to raise and spend a total of $3.5 million by election day, much of it on television advertising.

This money will be unusually well spent, if a Libertarian-sponsored survey taken in California after the 1978 election is any guide. The poll found that although only 15 percent of the electorate knew that Clark was running for governor, fully two-fifths of that group voted for him. And some two-thirds of them were people who said they had not voted at all since 1971. "The survey implies," a party study concludes with some, but not complete exaggeration, "that if the Clark campaign had had the resources to increase this market penetration, the degree of positive response, as well as the vote total, would have increased proportionately, especially among habitual nonvoters." This year should see that "market penetration."

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Like all Libertarians, Clark and Crane dream of a society in which government is not merely shrunk, but almost eliminated. But they feel that, in the short run, it is important to emphasize "transitional programs" such as the ones Clark is campaigning on. This certainly is a valid stance. And to the extent that they ask—and deserve—to have their cause taken seriously, it is important to take a close look at what awaits the nation at the end of the Libertarian road.

Consider one problem we currently rely on government to solve: pollution. It's a reasonable test—not only has pollution occupied a fair portion of the energies of libertarian philosophers like Hospers and economist Murray Rothbard, but also their approach to it is typical of their approach to most other social issues. (Hospers's *Libertarianism,* Rothbard's *For a New Liberty*, and Harvard philosopher Robert Nozick's *Anarchy, State and Utopia* are the reigning trinity of libertarian libraries.)

"If it seems that almost everything in a Libertarian society would end up being fought out by lawyers, that's because it would."

THE FIRST THING Libertarians will tell you about pollution is that government can't cure it, since government caused it. We have water pollution, writes Rothbard (politicos Clark and Crane take their lead from him), because "government owns the rivers," not business. Government ownership, unfortunately, isn't "true ownership," for "government officials cannot sell the rivers or sell stock in them. Hence they have no economic incentive to preserve the purity and value of the rivers." (The possibility that bureaucrats or anyone else might do a faithful job for reasons other than their own bank balances—pride in performance or love of nature, say—does not exist in Libertarian ontology.) "But," Rothbard continues, "consider what would happen if private firms were able to own the rivers and the lakes. If a private firm owned Lake Erie, for example, then any one dumping garbage in the lake would be promptly sued in the courts" by the owner and "forced to pay damages and to cease and desist from any further aggression." End of dirty water. (Libertarians don't tell you what would stop a private firm from buying Lake Erie precisely to sell other firms the right to dump garbage into it.)

Air pollution is a bit more tricky—even Libertarians don't think of air as private property in the usual sense—but Rothbard and company have a way around that one, too. "In the case of air pollution," he writes, "we are dealing not so much with private property *in the air* as with protecting private property in one's lungs, fields, and orchards." If a factory's smoke is ruining its neighbors' crops or personal health, that's "just as much aggression as committing arson against another's property or injuring him physically." So once again—if this were a Libertarian society—we would go to court. "The remedy is simply to enjoin anyone from injecting pollutants into the air, and thereby invading the rights of persons and property. Period."

What of the more subtle sources of air pollution, such as motor vehicles? "One can hardly sue every automobile owner," notes Hospers. "But one can sue the manufacturers of automobiles who do not install antismog devices on the cars they distribute." How about—to choose a case from Nozick—if a polluter's effects are so widely spread as to "impose the equivalent of a 20-cent cost on each person in the United States"? The answer here is "group suits against polluters," or class actions (it wouldn't be worth any individual's while to sue by himself). As for "noise pollution," Rothbard allows that "a Libertarian legal system would permit damage and class action suits and injunctions" against it too. Pollution is aggression, remember, and in a Libertarian society, writes Rothbard, "The major function of government—of courts and police—is to stop aggression."

Courts and police again. If it seems that almost everything in a Libertarian society would end up being fought out by lawyers, it's because it would. (An exception is government aid to the needy, which would be ended entirely.) To make sure this wasn't symptomatic only of Libertarian intellectuals, I asked candidate Clark to run down a list of problems that government now handles and to offer his solutions. Child abuse? "Any abused child or interested adult would be able to secure the right to be free from physical injury in court." Workers crippled on the job? "We would allow injured workers to sue their employers for the full amount of damages." Nuclear power-plant regulation? "We propose to abolish the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Price-Anderson Act, which limits the liability of the plant owners. If there was a nuclear accident, the owners could be sued for all the effects."

Just who these judges would be and where the laws they would apply would come from is a matter of some confusion in Libertarian thought. They wouldn't be elected by voters or appointed by elected officials because apparently there would not *be* any elected officials; besides, writes Rothbard, under the current system, judges are "political hacks chosen by the political process." Yet, while conceding that judges would have the responsibility—and presumably the power—to define and enforce a binding "legal code" in accordance with libertarian principles, Rothbard dismisses the question of judicial selection as unimportant. "The *people* themselves" would choose, he writes, "people who would go to the judges with the greatest reputation of expertise and wisdom in knowing and applying the basic common legal principles of the society." But which people? Which judges? What principles? We are back to square one.

And even assuming that somehow all these questions will be answered when the time comes, there is yet another serpent lurking in the libertarian garden, as I discovered when I pressed one libertarian thinker for his ideas on pollution: "There is one thing no one has really worked out yet. Under the current system, which we all profess to despise, Congress and the Environmental Protection Agency impose the standards for maximum permissible levels of pollution on factories and so on. Libertarians say that standards should be abolished and judges should handle pollution instead by issuing injunctions when people's property is damaged by it. But for the judges to do so, *they* would have to define the pollution standard—or else how could they tell the polluter: 'This much smoke and no more.' So you would have judges all over the country, with no coordination among them and no particular competence in technical questions, doing what the bureaucrats and politicians do now."

This, in the end, is the great irony of Libertarian thought. Problems currently being addressed by elected officials in the legislative and executive branches would not be removed from government jurisdiction at all, but simply transferred to judges and the police, who would enforce court decisions. That may be a lawyer's vision of utopia, but I doubt that it is shared by very many of the people who may end up voting Libertarian this year.

Michael Nelson teaches political science at Vanderbilt University and is a contributing editor of the Washington Monthly.

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One of these mayors now runs a city with safer-driving employees, lower taxes and a brand new fire truck.

The mayor on the left saw that his city was headed for problems. A dangerously high accident rate among drivers of city-owned vehicles and a growing exposure to lawsuits made his community especially vulnerable to liability losses. At the same time, the city needed a new piece of fire-fighting equipment it couldn't afford.

The solution was provided by cooperation between city government and private enterprise.

The insurance company that provides coverage analyzed the community's loss record and safety procedures. The company helped set up a new loss control program which included a training course for drivers of city-owned vehicles. The result was a substantial decrease in the number of preventable accidents.

That in turn made it possible for the insurance company to reduce the city's municipal liability insurance premium by $35,000–enough to purchase the new fire truck.

We represent a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, and we encourage communities to participate in loss control programs. These programs can reduce municipal liability costs, help keep taxes in line and make communities better, safer places in which to work and live.

Here's what we're doing to keep municipal liability costs down:

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- Encourage your local and state governments to establish loss control programs.
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This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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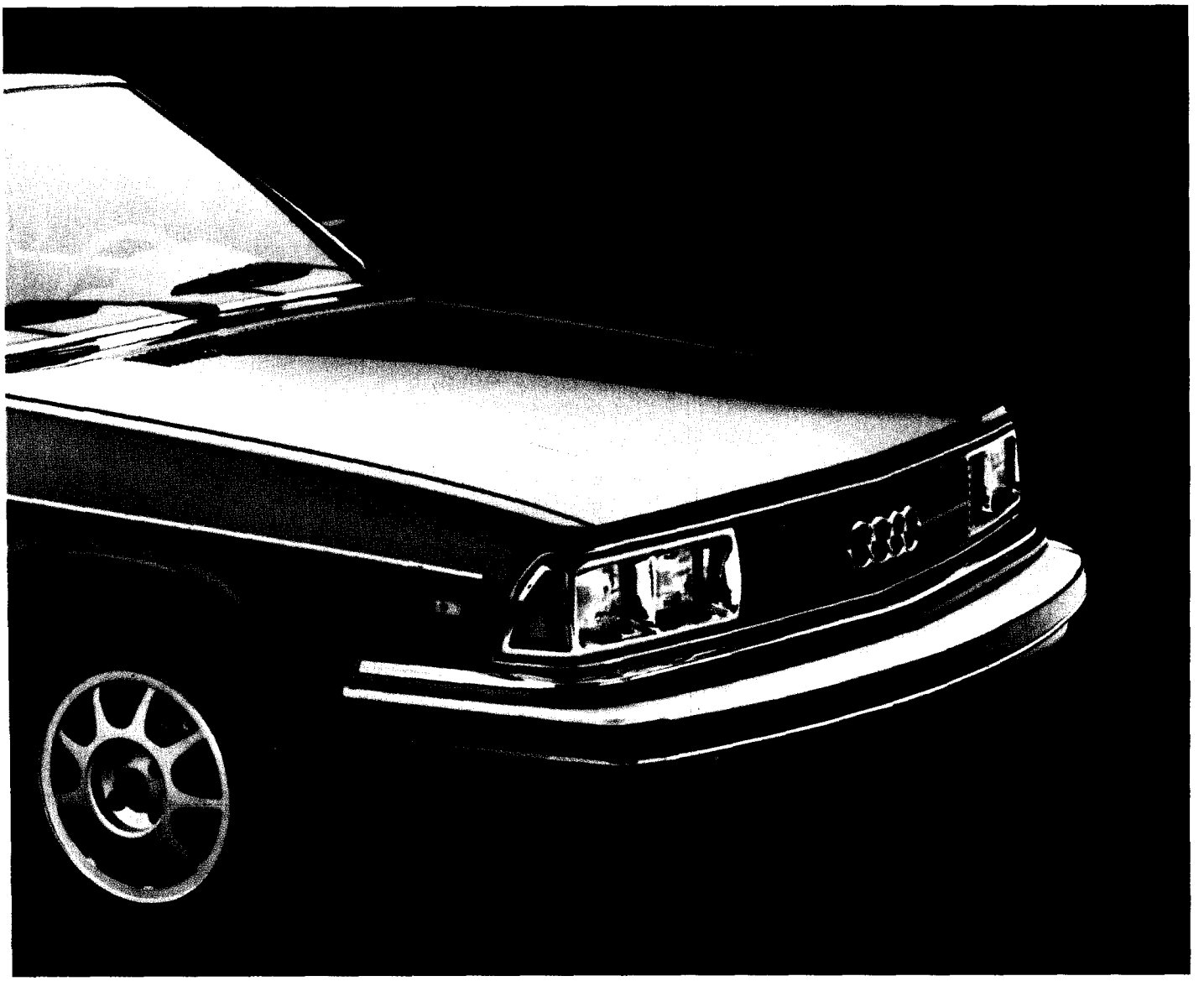

the Audi 5000-Diesel has outstanding directional control on snow and in the rain.

The forward engine placement (ahead of the front axle) pays extra dividends in crosswinds. And the Audi suspension system is remarkably effective in smoothing out the lumps and bumps and potholes that lie in wait these days.

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LOOKOUTS

LENT BY THE FINE ARTS MUSEUMS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Bust of a Chinese Man *(ca. 1872), Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux.*

Rodin and Company

While exhibitions of 19th-century French painters blossom as abundantly as Monet's sunflowers, there are only a few French sculptors of the period whose works have flourished comparably in museums and galleries. Happily, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art is making generous amends with *The Romantics to Rodin: French Nineteenth-Century Sculpture From North American Collections*, a harvest of 202 bronze, marble, plaster, and terra-cotta works by 60 artists, drawn from public and private sources in North America. The sweep and breadth of the exhibition is powerful, extending from the dashing "troubador style" of David d'Angers to the stylized Greek subjects of Jean Baptiste Carpeaux to the passion-afflicted, daringly naturalistic forms of Rodin, the colossus of modern sculpture. The exhibition is enriched by the sculpture of Degas and Daumier, men better known for their work with brush and pen.

After Los Angeles (March 4 to May 25), the show will go on the road, making visits to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (June 26 to September 21), the Detroit Institute of Arts (October 29 to January 4, 1981), and the Indianapolis Museum of Art (February 24, 1981 to April 26, 1981).

The Specter of Nijinsky

In 1917, Vaslav Nijinsky, the world's most famous male dancer, leaped through a window of his mind and never came back. Now, 63 years later, director Herbert Ross has attempted to invoke the dancer's tormented, enigmatic spirit in *Nijinsky* (Paramount), an ambitious new film that opens this month. Ross's previous film about ballet, *The Turning Point*, was a dramatic *pas de trois* of two women and a girl that cut some pretty figures at the box office and made classical dance an acceptable movie subject. Here Ross uses a similar combination, though with far more psychological potency, in the strange relationship of Nijinsky (George de la Peña, of the American Ballet Theatre), his wife Romola (Leslie Browne), and Diaghilev (Alan Bates), the stormy impresario who was Nijinsky's lover for a time. Ballet connoisseurs may fault the dancing of de la Peña and Browne, and film critics their acting, but most audiences will enjoy the film's banquet of lovely period sets, great ballets, and meticulously researched historic and artistic information.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Diaghilev, the stormy impresario, and Nijinsky as the rose spirit.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

De la Peña as the Faun; Browne as Romola Nijinsky; de la Peña in Carnaval; Bates as Diaghilev, Nijinsky's manager and sometime lover..

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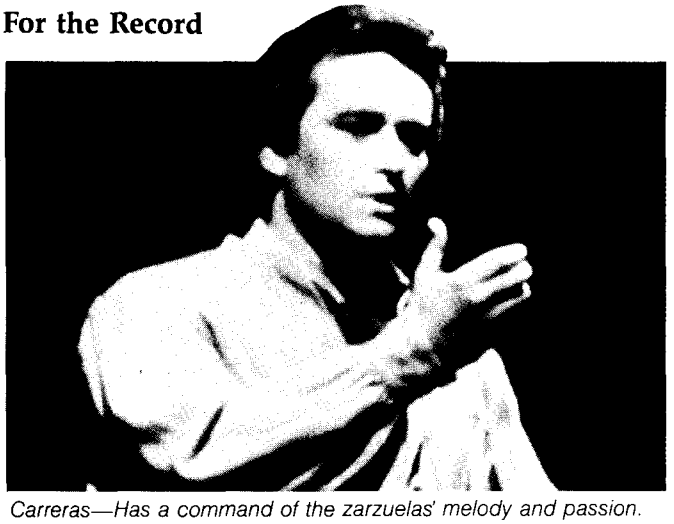
PBS Sings for Its Supper

From March 1 to March 16 every American can be a Maecenas and enjoy some regal entertainment to boot, as PBS stages its annual fund-raising festival. Hoping to woo contributions from as wide a range of viewers as possible, PBS has scheduled an exhilarating kaleidoscope of shows, most of them musical, beginning with *Live From the Grand Ole' Opry*, an infectious earful of the Nashville sound. Later highlights of the two-week extravaganza include *Gala of Stars*, a constellation of superstars from the world of opera, classical music, and dance; *GI Jive*, in which Van Johnson leads a nostalgic hop through the stage-door canteens of the war years; *Songs of a Lusty Land*, a musical history lesson that moves nimbly through our diverse ethnic heritages; and *Fred Astaire*, a two-part homage to the nimble tread of Fred, with penetrating interviews and excellent film clips.

Astaire and a star, his dancing partner for many films, Ginger Rogers.

For the Record



JAMES HEFFERNAN

Carreras—Has a command of the zarzuelas' melody and passion.

The place that tenor José Carreras has earned among the great singers of modern Spain is confirmed in his recent recording, *Zarzuelas* (Philips). It is not devoted to another opera of Puccini or Verdi, but to 10 excerpts from *zarzuelas*, which are his country's favorite popular art form. Melody and passion are their essential ingredients, and Carreras's command of both entitles him to equal rank with such other notable exponents of the art as sopranos Victoria de Los Angeles and Montserrat Caballé.

Something more than operetta, but less than opera, the *zarzuela* fares best in the voices of those who can call upon skills appropriate to both forms. Carreras has drawn upon works by masters like José Serrano, Ruperto Chapi, and Federico Morena Torroba and on the talent of Antoni Ros-Marba as conductor.

•

Charles Avison, an English organist and critic, was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1709, with a keen ear for the music of his time, both native and foreign. Among the latter was the harpsichord music of Domenico Scarlatti, which Avison transcribed for orchestra. This adaptation is now available in a three-record set by Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, *Twelve Concerti Grossi by Avison After Domenico Scarlatti* (Philips). The engagingly terse works (sometimes called "sonatas," sometimes *essercizi*, depending on the country in which they circulated) have been arranged in patterns of slow-fast-slow-fast time values. Though the choice of material is, of course, arbitrary, Avison's judgment is usually excellent. The first two or three sides conducted by Marriner are more plausible than stimulating, but the pieces mount in quality and identity as some of the now well-known sonatas come into the sequence.—**I.K.**

Getting a Fix on Addiction

Reading Muriel Nellis's compassionate exposé, *The Female Fix* (Houghton Mifflin), one concludes that helping women down from their proverbial pedestals is often more of a rescue operation than an act of rebellion. Still corseted in the idealizations of the past, women have not been able to respond effectively to the alcohol and drug addictions that increasingly plague them, as Nellis comprehensively documents in her new book.

Among the deadly statistics: Of the nation's 10 million alcoholics, half are women; 60 to 80 percent of all mood-altering drugs are prescribed for women; women receive twice the number of drugs (usually from more than one doctor) as men are given for the same symptoms.

The villains in Nellis's angry account are insensitive doctors and the appallingly underregulated pharmaceutical industry. Many doctors, predominantly men, almost reflexively overprescribe Valium, Librium, and other psychoactive drugs for their female patients. And no less callous is the pharmaceutical industry, for which the most salutary product is invariably a healthy profit-and-loss sheet.

DANIEL MARTIN FREEMAN

Nellis—Compassionate avenger.

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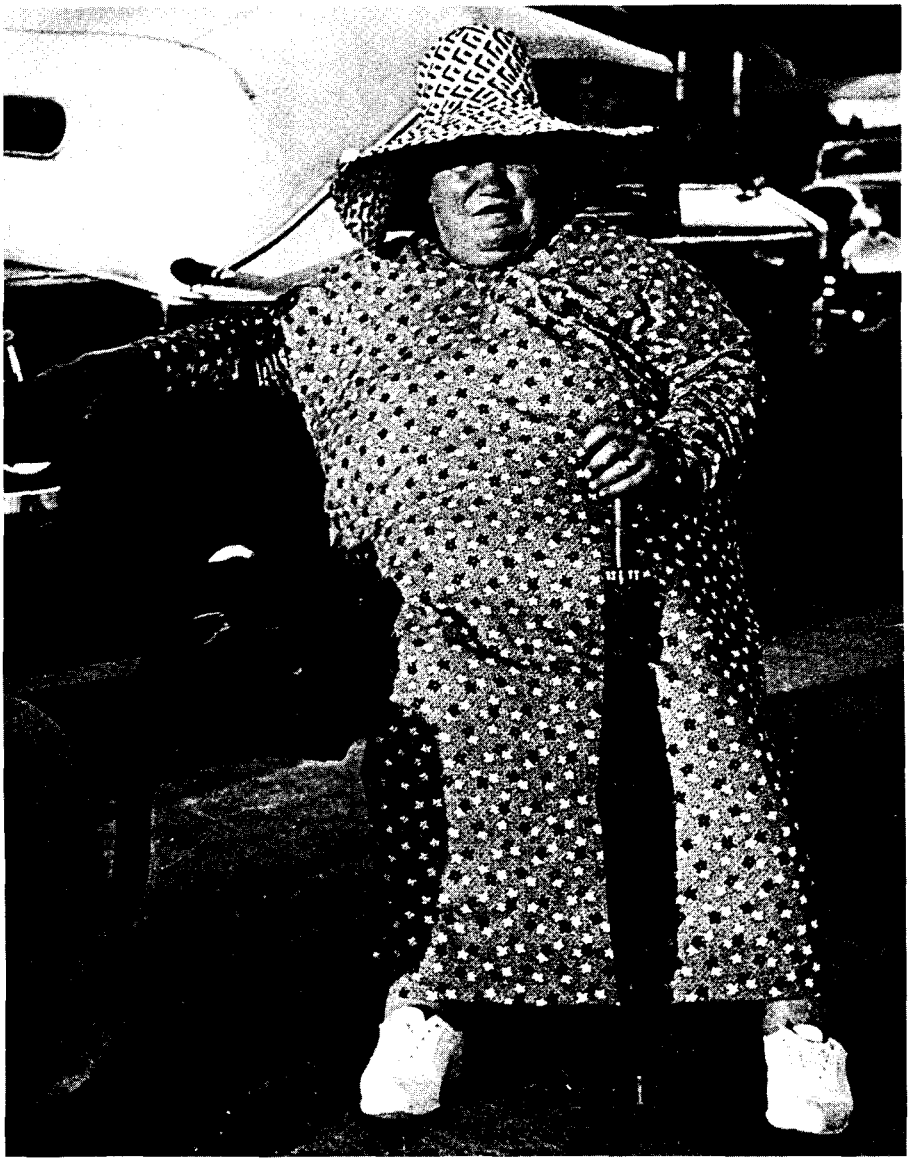
INNOCENCE LOST

by Owen Edwards

TO ASSAY THE life work of Lisette Model, the 74-year-old Vienna-born American photographer, is to confront that perplexing, transient, seemingly ineffable phenomenon, the photographic gift.

Like a prodigious talent for mathematics or music (or chess), the ability to make great photographs can manifest itself in full array instantaneously and illogically—and it can dwindle as unexplainably as it appeared. Photography is a mechanical process, dependent at times on luck and accident, done quickly rather than with cogitative accumulation (as in painting or sculpture). Perhaps because of this, thinking about the medium tends to be dominated by attention to technique, aesthetic theory, and subject matter, with little emphasis on such forces as natural gifts.



Promenade Des Anglais *(1937)— The Riviera prints have a raw confrontational power.*

Yet as a vast sediment of photographs builds up (photographers have certainly made more pictures than all the paintings that exist), the qualities that cause a precious few to rise to the top are less and less discernable in specific terms. How can it be explained, for instance, that a journeyman photographer like Eugene Atget, who labored to make faithful documents of Parisian gardens, ended up with masterworks brimming with magic, while brilliantly skilled photographers try tirelessly to make masterworks and cannot get beyond opinionated documents? The only answer is the obvious one: Some have the gift, and most do not.

It is certainly the only useful explanation for Lisette Model, whose first book, *Lisette Model*, a splendid monograph, has just been published by Aperture. In 1937, at the age of 31, Model picked up a camera for the first time, intending only to get some experience to help her become a darkroom technician, and made a series of informal portraits that, when published in 1940, earned her almost instant acclaim. Taken on the French Riviera of vacationers and casino habitués, the photographs have a raw, confrontational power that has since been matched only by Diane Arbus and Richard Avedon. Forty years after they were made, the pictures suffer no loss of directness or immediacy; we still seem to see these stolid, intractably stern, forbidding people through the astonished, fearful, but curious eyes of a child. We have crept impertinently close, but if one word is uttered we will flee.

How Model managed to create this feeling of immanence (for in fact her subjects were nothing more than ladies and gentlemen of leisure) can now be explained more or less neatly in terms of technique. The way the subject fills the frame, the extreme closeness, the low point-of-view (partly because Model is

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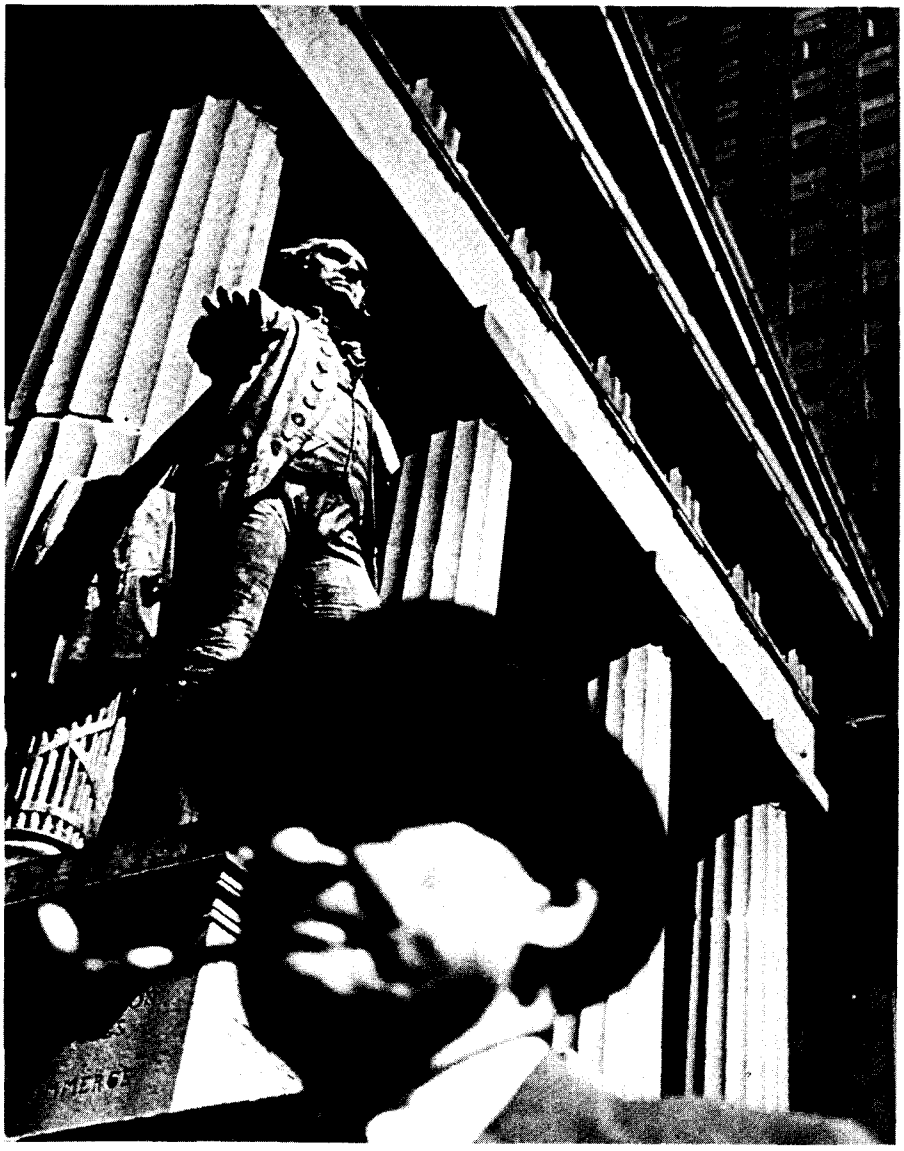
quite short) that turned ordinary persons into monuments are all factors that contribute to the strength of the pictures. Yet Model knew nothing of technique. She had done some painting, and had a sister who dabbled in photography, but there can have been little in either of those sources to teach her how to make such resounding photographs. Sheer instinct guided her.

Model's long career after her Riviera portraits follows a pattern familiar to literary biographers and not unknown in photography. After the pictures were published, in 1941, in the American magazine *PM* (under the misleading title—not Model's—"Why France Fell"), Model was lionized by a number of established photographers, including Ansel Adams and Edward Weston. In 1951, under the auspices of the extraordinary art director Alexey Brodovitch, she began a long association with *Harper's Bazaar*, simultaneously embarking on a teaching career that continues today. Her stature has grown steadily, and her reputation has shifted from prodigy to esteemed professional. But nothing in her career as an artist has ever quite matched the first burst of awareness that produced the Riviera series. For the most part, subsequent work has been a refinement of the way of seeing that first came to her so naturally.

In New York—where, in 1940, Model and her Russian-born husband, painter Evsa Model, settled after leaving France—she photographed more people and began a prolonged essay on the feet of rushing pedestrians. The same intimate close-in style enhances these subjects with the same heavier-than-life specific gravity that makes them seem stone effigies of themselves. The leitmotif of person as statuary is most obvious in one of her best New York pictures, "Banker, Wall Street." In it we look up at a heavy-jowled man—again, the child's awestruck view—walking beneath the statue of Washington in front of the Stock Exchange. The expressions on the two faces are remarkably similar in sternness, but it is the statue that is in focus, the human being who is blurred and evanescent.



Banker, Wall Street *(1945)—The statue is in focus, the person, blurred and evanescent.*

World War II Rally *(1943)—Calculated.*

Model's photographs of the Forties have undeniable power. In terms of calculated impact they are more accomplished than the earlier pictures, and as the work of someone who had been photographing for no more than a few years they are truly extraordinary. But the accomplishment itself, admirable as it may be, makes these later images somehow less moving. The artist, not the phenomenon, is in charge. In a picture of two women at a Lower East Side, New York, war rally, amazement has become calculation, a natural gift has been honed into an aesthetic. Model has begun to *see* as a photographer, and to make photographic statements.

This is not to say that it should or could have been otherwise. The passage from prodigy to working artist is fraught with confusion and brings, sometimes, a loss for every gain. Only a few are ever able to find the way back to where they started.

With the misleadingly simple declaration that she's interested in large shapes, Lisette Model has taken the message of her gifted beginnings and sought to learn from it, to turn this understanding into better work and a lifetime of teaching. If not sublimely circular, returning her to the wonder of her beginning, at least Model's career seems parabolic; in a picture made in 1966 in Rome (the last in her book), a huge chalk graffito face stares bovinely from a marble wall, next to a dark row of columns. The photograph is sophisticated, intellectual, the product of a highly trained eye, yet there is still a certain echo of other times and other work that indicates Model's ability to rediscover her unalloyed gift. The picture, after all, is of a larger-than-life figure in a public place, as seen by a questing, frightened child who has approached too close. ◉

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Pinter & Friends

SY FRIEDMAN

Blythe Danner, Roy Scheider, Raul Julia—In Betrayal *extramarital affairs are practically de rigueur for everyone.*

THE HERO of Harold Pinter's new play is Peter Hall, the director. Hall, the head of the National Theater in London, has directed the premieres of all of Pinter's plays since *The Homecoming* (1965). Twice, with that play and *No Man's Land*, most of the original English cast was brought over for the production here. Twice, with *Old Times* and this new play, Hall redirected in New York with different actors. In the past, Hall developed out of each Pinter script a polyphonic performance that enriched the work; he found the life of the play, which, with Pinter, means the mystery that gives the play its life, and he exalted that mystery without trying to "explain" it. But in this new work, *Betrayal*, Hall had to do more: He had to supply the mystery. To read an earlier Pinter play is to see how delicately Hall responded to it. To read *Betrayal* (published by Grove Press) is to see how well Hall buttressed it.

The play centers on three Londoners: Jerry, a literary agent, Robert, his best friend and a publisher, and Emma, Robert's wife, who eventually opens an art gallery. "Eventually" is an imprecise word because the play proceeds in reverse chronological order. (Three of the nine scenes occur *after* the scenes that precede them, but the overall movement is reverse.) It opens with a 1977 meeting between Jerry and Emma. They haven't seen each other for two years but were lovers for seven years before that, had even rented a flat for their afternoon meetings—Jerry is married, too. The last scene is a party in 1968; Jerry, who had been best man at the Robert-Emma wedding, declares his love for her. In a long moment of quiet, during which she considers the affair we know has happened, the play ends/begins.

Betrayal can breathe in the theater only in the rarefied air of high comedy. The play needs a very English kind of acting, built on social (not theatrical) pose and vocal arch. Without polish, which includes the polished pause, this script would wilt into a lot of "What?" dialogue. ("It's Torcello tomorrow, isn't it?" "What?" "We're going to Torcello tomorrow, aren't we?") On paper such passages—they're plentiful—lie limp, unlike most Pinter dialogue. Under Hall's hand, the actors endow these passages with tease, duelling wit, calculation, and even inviting ambiguity.

The three principals are fine. That's Hall's central triumph: to have brought three American actors, not native to this social-theatrical style, into control of it. Blythe Danner's success as Emma is no surprise; from Viola in *Twelfth Night* to the heroine of Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*, she has sparkled and delighted. But of Raul Julia (Jerry), so clumsy in *The Threepenny Opera*, and Roy Scheider (Robert), so pallid in numerous films, I expected little, and was happily stunned. All three had help with their English accents from Timothy Monich, the unsung aide on foreign accents for several New York productions. But it was Hall who put his cast at ease in a society of egotism-as-ethics even between lovers, a world-as-my-drawing-room society. And it's this sense of milieu, beyond the actors' grip on their characters, that gives the trio their impeccable timing.

The performances are matched by John Burry's sets, costumes, and lighting. I can't remember the last time I saw a production designed entirely by one person. It's a blessing here. Burry, who has often worked with Pinter and Hall, has provided sets in sharply compressed perspective, like shadow-box picture frames. (The year of each scene is flashed on the ceiling of the set before it begins.) In Burry's generally remorseless lighting, the sets give us the feeling of *tableaux* very *vivants*, pieces of a puzzle being fitted together. This feeling is heightened by the Hall-Burry device of starting each scene with the actors motionless in dim silhouette (city sounds in the background) and having them move as the lights blaze up. More, this device suggests that fragments of the past are being brought to life again.

But Pinter's play itself disappoints. First, the writing. Pinter couldn't write a careless line, but care is only one ambition. Much of the dialogue in *Betrayal* is at the boulevard level of Simon Gray's *Butley* and *Otherwise Engaged*, both of which Pinter has directed. Only twice does *Betrayal* burst into the full sardonic music of the best Pinter—in two speeches of Robert's, one about Venetians (when he and Emma are in Venice) and one about modern prose. I don't argue that Pinter's style must not change; I was among those who praised the new, lovely lyricism of his two one-act plays *Landscape* and *Silence*. But the dialogue of *Betrayal* is the least implicative of any Pinter that I know.

The quality of the writing leads to—in a good dramatist it is inseparable from—the question of the play's theme. The title sounds promising, but the

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promise isn't kept. Who is betrayed? In even the most conventional triangle-play manner? Robert knew of his wife's affair, we learn, but he did nothing about it; he was in fact having affairs of his own. Jerry and Emma were faithful (or is it "faithful"?) to each other during their affair. Does the title mean betrayal of the idea of marriage, of honor, of self? Pinter never even hints. Not one of the three people is shown to have been directly affected by the affair. (Robert and Emma break up in 1977, but not because of Jerry.)

It's possible that, consciously or not, *Betrayal* is a spin-off from some lines in *No Man's Land*. At one point Hirst tells Spooner that, years before, he seduced Spooner's wife: "Proposed that she betray you. Admitted you were a fine chap, but pointed out that I would be taking nothing that belonged to you, simply that portion of herself that all women keep in reserve, for a rainy day." The word "betray" sounds oddly rigid in contrast with the casual comment that follows. The title *Betrayal* has the same relation to the entire play that follows it, a play in which extramarital affairs are practically de rigueur for everyone. The backward journey shows us little more than that the desire which started an affair was bound to fade in time.

Time. That is the play's one true Pinteresque resonance. In his previous two plays, time is aesthetically and thematically of the essence. *Old Times*, which I think will prove a lasting contribution to dramatic literature, blends present and past into a third time-state. *No Man's Land* is dramaturgic cubism, different views seen simultaneously. Then Pinter wrote his wonderful *Proust Screenplay* (published but not filmed), an adaptation of the world's greatest work on the dominion of time, *A la recherche du temps perdu*. It seems to follow that, drawn for his own reasons to the slight, familiar, linear story of *Betrayal*, Pinter colored it with that instrumentality of time which had become important to him, by reversing the chronicle.

This reversed structure is not a new procedure. (The most familiar American antecedent is *Merrily We Roll Along*, by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.) And that reversal doesn't in itself much magnify what is only an adroit little comedy. But it does permit a good production to enlist the poignancy of passing time that underlies every human action. Peter Hall has made the most of his chances. Under the lapidary shine of the comedy, he has recurrently touched the greatest of mysteries, the humorous-melancholy immanence of mortality. This time it's the director, with the designer's important aid, who has given a Pinter play its quintessential Pinter being. **—Stanley Kauffmann**

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Growing Pains

KRAMER VS. KRAMER (Columbia) is surefire. It is a careful film about the death of a family—a father and mother, two decent young people who have come to the end of their particular road, and the seven-year-old son each wants to keep. It is intelligently written, astutely directed, beautifully acted. Almost everyone will see him/herself in some passage of the movie. Only the hardest of heart will sit through it without impulses of joy and tears.

Still one has the occasional feeling that *Kramer vs. Kramer* is in the end a superior soap opera, attentively geared to contemporary fashions in marital strain. The Kramer marriage breaks up not for good old 19th-century reasons of infidelity, but for late 20th-century reasons of identity crisis. Joanna Kramer feels, not unreasonably, that her marriage is destroying her. Her husband, an avid young advertising executive, is hopelessly wrapped up in himself and his career. He has not listened to her for years. As he says rather pathetically after the scales have dropped from his eyes, "I always thought that when I was happy she was happy."

To save her sanity, Joanna abandons husband and child. As she later explains to the judge in the custody hearing, she had to find out who she was, to recover her self-esteem, and so on—a speech so filled with the jargon of the hour that one is not sure whether it is intended seriously or satirically. Ted Kramer, once so preoccupied and oblivious, must play mother as well as father to little Billy.

Sellers as the gardener who makes good.

Hoffman, as father and mother, and Henry.

He has moments of frustration and temper. But the experience matures him, and he begins to understand why his marriage went sour. His child becomes his life. Then, after 18 months, Joanna, self-esteem restored, demands her son.

Parts of the film are wonderfully observed. The obligatory sycophancies of the advertising world, for example, have never been better rendered. But, given the film's quasi-documentary style, there are odd lacunae. For an attractive couple, Ted and Joanna seem to have existed in curious isolation. Except for a friendly divorcée in the same apartment house, who begins as Joanna's confidante and ends as Ted's, they seem to have had no friends. Ted Kramer can always find a taxi, a miracle in New York, but apparently never a baby-sitter.

Yet the isolation of the Kramers concentrates the film's focus. And the strength of the acting suspends doubts. Dustin Hoffman is totally persuasive in portraying the transformation of the vulgar young hustler into a man who has self-knowledge and has learned the virtues of tenderness and sacrifice. Meryl Streep, whose marvelously expressive face frames the opening and closing scenes, plays a difficult role with exquisite conviction. Jane Alexander as the friend is the sweet embodiment of concerned and flustered intelligence. Howard Duff gives a rich performance as Kramer's lawyer. And Justin Henry is quite extraordinary in portraying the innocence and emotion of the little boy. Robert Benton's writing offers us only the truths of recognition, but the acting, under his direction, offers us the truths of discovery.

I doubt that *Kramer vs. Kramer* will be particularly remembered a decade from now. Still, as some movies awaken us to the reality of social problems, this one awakens us to the reality of human problems. Many husbands who see it will think again about the way they deal with their wives and children. *Kramer vs. Kramer* has its flaws, but it triumphs for the moment because of its steady and irresistible humanity.

BEING THERE (United Artists), on the other hand, is an inhuman tour de force, an act of prestidigitation. Seeing it is like watching a complex mechanical toy crossing a high wire. One is impressed by the ingenuity of the contraption and held in suspense to find out whether it can make it to the end.

In Jerzy Kosinski's adaptation of his own novel, Peter Sellers plays Chance, a backward gardener unable to read or to write and barely able to think, who is thrust suddenly into a world for which his only preparation is a life spent in front of television sets. Nothing is believable in *Being There*; everything is absorbing. With clothes inherited from his late employer and manners imitated from television characters, Chauncey Gardiner, as someone understands his name to be, wins the friendship of an ancient and irascible millionaire, of his beautiful wife, and eventually of the President of the United States.

We watch in fascination but in increasing wonder. What in the world is this all about? Hal Ashby, the director, keeps the fable moving gracefully ahead. The mechanism continues along the high wire at a stately pace. The performances are gripping: Sellers, hypnotically serene and impervious as the idiot gardener; Melvyn Douglas, superbly crusty and vulnerable as the old millionaire; Shirley MacLaine, brilliantly funny as the wife, playing scenes that only her dignity makes bearable.

We watch: The toy clicks along. But what are we supposed to make of it all? Virtuosity for its own sake? One senses a demand that we acknowledge a deeper significance; yet what can it be? Chance the gardener as a holy fool exposing the shallowness of our civilization? Or as a blank screen on which all who meet him project their own wishes? Is *Being There* a satire on a world where television has become a substitute for reality? Or is it just a whirring mechanical toy? I suspect there may be less here than meets the eye. It remains an arresting movie.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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What Johnny Can't Read

by John Gardner

CENSORSHIP HAS always been a touchy issue in advanced societies. In general, good and sophisticated people take the position that nothing should be censored, until one day a book appears that offends them deeply—a Nazi book attacking Jews, a book that stupidly degrades blacks, a book so obscene in its handling of sex that even poor Larry Flint might be troubled—and then, feeling guilty and confused, they flip-flop, coming down for book-burnings, defending their position with the only weapon available, righteous rage. There is nothing wrong with this. I think no one—anywhere, ever—should go to jail for what he writes, but I'm not against making certain books, the kinds I've described above, difficult to obtain. The only qualifying condition to censorship is that each member of a community must agree that it is right. If one doesn't agree, he has the choice of leaving the group or convincing others to get rid of the censorship he disapproves of.

That, I think, is pretty much how we *do* work in America, and since it's hard to get general agreement from a group, we tend not to ban books outright but to destroy them, if we can, in more devious ways. Where books for children are concerned, the most effective way is to keep books out of the classroom and the school library. What usually happens is that a small group of parents finds something offensive in a given book (a favorite target is J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*) and raises objections to school-district officials. The officials conduct a study and eventually agree that only smart students will be allowed to read the book, unless a particular smart student's parents object, in which case he can't. Obviously this method is not terribly successful, since the book remains more or less available, and the notoriety assures it wide circulation. Another form of censorship that can be moderately effective is the cleaned-up school edition, which is less desirable because it costs too much and tends not to discourage school librarians from buying the real thing.

But there is one way a book can be destroyed utterly. One can give it, under the auspices of the *School Library Journal*, either the Huck Finn Pin or the Billy Budd Button. These two awards, one for the year's most offensive book for reading, the other for the year's most offensive picture book, have been given by the *School Library Journal* since 1971. The committee that does the judging consists of one person, the magazine's editor, Lillian N. Gerhardt, a person of great rectitude whose literary style runs to phrases like "makes TV soaps look pretty darn good by comparison." Her plot summaries are inaccurate, her judgments of fictional characters, theme, and intent downright astonishing. I assume she herself made up the names for the

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THE POWER OF *SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL*

"So many librarians buy on the basis of reviews that *SLJ*'s power in the children's book industry is like that of the *New York Times* in the adult book industry. I have no objection to a negative review, but the kinds of awards Lillian Gerhardt gives do nothing to improve the quality of children's book publishing. They cause a great deal of unnecessary pain and hurt to the authors who receive them."

Linda Zukerman, editorial director, Viking Junior Books

"Lillian Gerhardt does have a lot of influence, and is courted by the publishers because of it. She's also resented by them when she gives a negative review; the children's book publishing world is a very small one, and the review journals have a lot of power."

Susan Singleton, director of promotions, manager of children's books at B. Dalton Fifth Avenue, New York

"Lillian Gerhardt's gone after the wrong people—serious writers who are honestly, if at times imperfectly, trying to produce works of value to young people. *SLJ* should, but is afraid to, go after a whole group of children's books—the mass-market books that are unashamedly exploitative and make no attempt to challenge and educate children."

George Nicholson, editor-in-chief, Delacorte Press/Yearling Books

"For the librarians who rely on printed reviews rather than in-house reviews and who don't have immediate access to the books, as we New Yorkers do, the *SLJ* has a great deal of power. They order from lists generally, and so really have to base their judgments on the opinions expressed in the review journals."

Barbara Rollock, coordinator of children's services, New York Public Library

awards; in any event, they are surely a little strange, strongly suggesting that *Huckleberry Finn* and *Billy Budd* (illustrated) are books she would have pounced on. The awards are outrageous first because they're wrong, second—and more important—because they do their intended work. For many overworked librarians, the *School Library Journal* seems sufficient by itself. A book that wins the Huck Finn Pin or the Billy Budd Button often goes instantly out of print.

The most recent victim is Susan Shreve's *Loveletters* (Knopf), a book of which 8,000 remainder copies, I am told, have been shipped to the home of the author. *Loveletters* received high praise in *Booklist* and *Horn Book*, a mixed good review in *Kirkus*, an "additional" recommendation in the *Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books*, a qualified negative review in *Voice of Youth Advocates*, and was nominated for the American Library Association's Best Books for Young Adults. On the basis of this novel and of her fiction for adults, Susan Shreve was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in writing.

Of course, Lillian Gerhardt is not the sole person responsible for the destruction of *Loveletters*. The book's publishers should have fought harder—probably should have sued—and school librarians ought not to be so lazy or negligent as to trust one opinion, ignoring all others. Bantam Books, which was negotiating paperback rights and then hurriedly backed off when the terrible news came, should have fought the illegitimate power of Gerhardt for *Loveletters*'s sake and for the sake of all past and future books that take artistic risks not pleasing to Gerhardt. But finally, for all that, the responsibility is Gerhardt's.

This is how she works. She opens her attack on *Loveletters* with sneering generalizations, fierce language, and frigid false-cleverness that ought to put any school librarian on guard, though apparently it does not. *Loveletters*, she says,

> rots the mind. Although written at a vocabulary level that was once comfortable for most fourth graders, the subject matter of the novel clearly indicates a wish to attract an audience of early adolescent girls unable to reach television sets in time to see the afternoon soaps—although this characterization may not be entirely fair to the soaps, which continue to yearn over (however hollowly) the values of home, family, good neighbors, lifelong friendships, education, religious faith, the personal struggles essential to personal happiness, and the ability to struggle on.

No teacher, however, who looks at the novel will doubt that the vocabulary is solidly high-school level. It includes expletives of the kind to be found here and there in Salinger, a sprinkling of polysyllabics and uncommon words (Shreve's style is spare and elegant, not Hawthornian), and a good number of medical terms. Gerhardt is in fact taking a gratuitous slap at education: Fourth-graders aren't what (she thinks) they used to be! As for the book's "subject matter," it has nothing to do with Gerhardt's soaps. The central character, Kate Leuthi, cares as much as Gerhardt does about the values of home, family, good neighbors, and so forth. But *Loveletters* is about the world as it sometimes is. Kate's father works two jobs and her mother is studying for a Ph.D., so that however they may feel about home and family, they cannot at the moment afford them; and Tommy, the disturbed "unadoptable" who becomes Kate's best friend, has bitter reason to distrust home and family. The subject of *Loveletters* is the nature and value of love, what happens to people who can't find it, and how, even when love is well-meant, it can go wrong. It is not a cynical or nihilistic book, but an initiation story of the highest order.

In *Loveletters*, Gerhardt complains, "a clean and stable household is not nearly enough or even noticed by Kate Leuthi, the central figure to herself and to the book." None of this is remotely fair. The novel is told in the third-person limited point of view, mostly Kate's, so that *of course* she is central. And though it is true that the house is "clean" and "stable"—talk about hollow values!—it is simply not the point. First, nobody's home, and second, Kate is busy elsewhere, out having adventures with Tommy and, later, with other people, trying to grow up, trying to avoid the breaking of the spirit that for some people constitutes adulthood.

Gerhardt, mentioning Tommy, calls him, rightly, an emotionally disturbed child who grows up to be "a full-blown psycho who eventually beats and rapes" Kate. The summary's accurate, but it misses the psychological subtlety of Shreve's analysis of how love turns to hate. And, Gerhardt continues, in high dudgeon, "Kate is said at intervals to be scholastically better than average, but is consistently contemptuous of teachers, school psychologists, and all the other school-support staff dummies." Actually we're shown, not just told, that Kate has all the classic marks of a "gifted child," including rebelliousness, and the school authorities are presented not as villains but as ordinary people who make the classic ordinary mistakes.

The book's real offense to Gerhardt is that it looks at life seriously and carefully. It contains no stock characters, only struggling, loving but confused people dealing as well as they can with situations we sometimes would like our children not to know about. It treats unwed mothers as respectable human beings and shows authority figures as occasionally inclined to abuse their authority (Shreve is careful to show that not all do, and that those who do have their human excuses). *Loveletters* has weaknesses, but they are never those of schlock. It is a work that proclaims boldly that the "young-adult" novel ought to be, can be, a work of art.

Gerhardt has judged *The Dark Princess*, by Richard Kennedy, illustrated by Donna Diamond (Holiday House), most recent winner of her Billy Budd Button, as unfairly as she judged *Loveletters*, insisting on reading a fable as though it were realism. She grants "allegorical adumbrations" but claims they're "feeble," denies that they can be gotten at either with "a Freudian shovel" or "a Christian theological trident"—neither

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is at all relevant—then uses the Freudian shovel anyway, finding "sexual latency/orgasm symbols" that no one else in the world is likely to discover. The fable tells of a princess so beautiful no one can look at her without being blinded. Because he really loves her, the court fool looks at her anyway, gets blinded, and falls off a cliff into the sea. The princess leaps after him, and they drown together. "And that moment they touched outlasted the life of the King and Queen, and outlasted the life of the Kingdom. And that moment they touched is lasting still, and will outlast us, too." Enough.

It may seem that such trivial and foolish booby prizes as the Huck Finn Pin and the Billy Budd Button are not worth the trouble of an attack as long and detailed as this one. Out of all the books published this year, they destroy only two. But they destroy the best books, not the worst, without society's consent. They support precisely those values our society least needs—self-righteousness, authoritarianism, impatience with the honesty that makes art, not to mention decent life. When they were initiated they were no doubt well-intended. But now the evidence is in. Gerhardt ruins fine books, and the writers, the publishers, the children for whom the books were meant are doing nothing about it.

John Gardner's October Light *won the NBCC award for fiction in 1976. His new novel,* Freddy's Book, *will be published next month by Knopf.*

The Ultimate Fraternity

The Brethren:
Inside the Supreme Court

by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong
Simon & Schuster, 467 pp., $13.95

Reviewed by
Alan M. Dershowitz

THOUGH IT appears to be little more than a gossipy collection of anecdotes about seven years of recent Supreme Court history, *The Brethren* raises profound questions about the justification for judicial review in our society. It is, after all, an anomaly that in a democracy the final arbiter of national policy is often a group of nine judges appointed for life and responsible to no electorate. No other country vests as much power in its judiciary as we do in ours. Our Supreme Court—unlike those of other nations—can overrule decisions of Congress, state legislatures, governors, and even presidents. In recent years it has decided cases involving the most far-reaching and controversial of national policies: desegregation, abortion, busing, capital punishment, even the obligation of a President to disclose secret White House tapes.

By what right and power do these nine men (and soon, one hopes, women) decide such monumental issues of national policy, often against the will of an overwhelming majority of Americans? They have no constituency; they appropriate no money; they command no army or police force. Alexander Hamilton characterized the American judiciary as "the least dangerous branch." Today, however, it is in many respects the strongest branch.

The late Professor Alexander Bickel—perhaps the most influential theoretician of the American Supreme Court—articulated a justification for judicial review that focuses on the institutional differences between the judicial branch of government (the courts) and the political branches (the legislative and executive). The courts, he believed, are better equipped to be the "pronouncer" and "guardian" of our "enduring values." Courts, he said, have

> certain capacities for dealing with matters of principle that legislatures and executives do not possess. Judges have, or should have, the leisure, the training, and the insulation to follow the ways of the scholar in pursuing the ends of government. This is crucial in sorting out the enduring values of a society.... It calls for a habit of mind, and for undeviating institutional customs.

For some years Bickel's justification has reigned as the accepted wisdom on the subject. Even those who now attack it, such as my colleague John Ely, rely on a view of the Supreme Court that places it above the petty give-and-take of partisan politics. For if the justices were to behave as other politicians behave, what conceivable reason could there be in our democracy for assigning such awesome power to these nine unelected and life-tenured persons?

The portrait Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong paint of our nation's highest tribunal is one that can lend no comfort to any of the currently accepted justifications for judicial review. Warren Burger emerges as a vicious and conniving chief justice. He lies to his colleagues, he repeatedly casts "phony" votes at conferences in order to maximize his leverage, he pressures the Court to refrain from reversing a particular conviction because to do so would be "embarrassing both to him as chief and to the Nixon administration," he decides cases to "even" scores with old rivals, he distorts the facts and the law to reach political results, he votes against his principles in order to "correct" his public image, he attempts to sneak a rule change past his brethren in order to affect the outcome of a particular commercial case of importance to the Nixon administration, and he appears to have no principles about or understanding of the Constitution. His judicial philosophy is summarized in his own words: "We are the Supreme Court and we can do what we want."

According to Woodward and Armstrong, Burger is regarded by his colleagues as stupid and incompetent. After reading one Burger opinion, Jus-

"Couldn't you have flipped that chart a trifle slower?"

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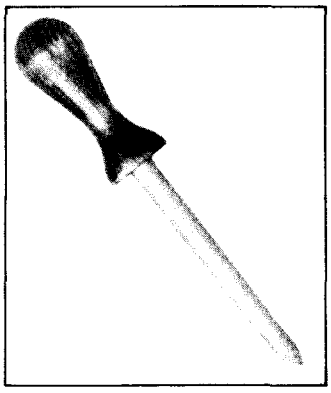


This odd-looking little gadget is easily worth many times its weight in conventional sharpening steels. The Zip-Zap is made of a special, very hard ceramic that is harder than any knife steel around (and the abrasive effectiveness in sharpening steels lies in the fact they are harder than the knife steel). It is designed so that, held between thumb and forefinger, it will automatically be at the correct angle –20—for sharpening. The motion you use with this device is the same as in traditional sharpening, but you hold the knife stationary and move the Zip-Zap across it diagonally (easier, especially with small knives). It's so convenient you can easily get into the habit of giving a knife a few strokes every time you pick the knife up.
$4.50 postpaid. (A-67)

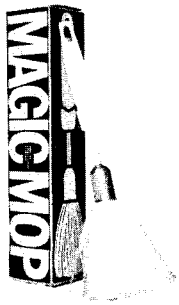
TAKING A LESSON FROM YOUR WALL

If delicacy were to be your choice of word in describing the taste of fine culinary herbs, then there's a good chance it would be the same one you'd use in describing the treatment of these herbs by noted botanical artist Barbara Nicholson for the British Museum. The Museum has made these chart reproductions available to the public as part of their Plant Ecology Wall Chart Series.

In painting the culinary herb chart, artist Nicholson first separated herbs into 39 different species and with special delicacy, painted each herb in its natural environment. Then she combined all 39 illustrations on one 24" by 31" color chart. The different species are combined in a warm and natural setting that seemed to us to lend each chart as much of an aesthetic quality as it has informational value.

Both Latin and common names can be found next to each plant. We chose the culinary chart to show because we felt that many of our readers might want one on their kitchen wall to help explain what some of the herbs they're using really look like. In full color, $7.25 postpaid. (A-501)

MAGIC MOP



The technology developed to cope with oil spills has also provided a way to take the oil and grease out of the food we serve. Oil Mop, Inc. is a New Orleans company with a patented process for making polypropylene fibers that attract oil like a magnet and reject water. All you do is brush this Magic Mop over any fried or broiled food and it picks up the surface grease. Stir Magic Mop through sauces, soups, gravies and stews, rinsing it out under hot water between passes, and you can remove 98% of the oil and grease in the liquid (the figure comes from laboratory test results). Hospitals use Magic Mops to prepare meals for people with conditions where it is advisable to minimize fat intake. We think the Magic Mop is a most helpful and healthful addition to any kitchen. $4.50 each postpaid. (A-53)

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Aprons are a fine way to keep cooks from looking like spatter-paintings. The problem is that most aprons don't go far enough—they leave much strategic territory, especially the sleeves, unprotected. Such a short-coming can produce moments of utter frustration: just after the company arrives, you slip into the kitchen to stir the stroganoff and come away with splotches of sauce on your cuff. What to do? Next time wear Cleansleeves. This apron, designed by a gourmet cook who entertains frequently (and who happens to be the wife of the chairman of Bloomingdale's), wraps you in security. From wrist to neck to knee, this apron keeps you covered up beautifully, comfortably and effectively. Made of cotton and polyester, the apron ties in the back and has a front pocket. Why has it taken so long for someone to produce an apron that truly does what an apron is supposed to do—protect you. Blue and white stripe with red trim (A-112) or solid red with white trim (A-113). $18.00 each postpaid.

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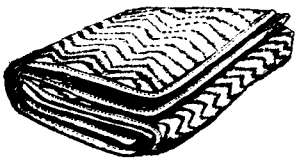
A PAD FOR ANY PURPOSE



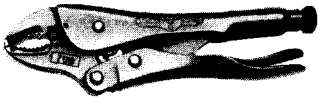
Browsing through *High Tech,* the bible of how the Industrial Esthetic style can be carried over into home decorating, we were especially struck by the potential usefulness of those quilted furniture pads employed by professional movers. They make splendid picnic or beach blankets, temporary throw rugs for lounging in front of the TV, multi-purpose pads for car or camper, luxurious beds for large pets, and on and on. These pads are certainly rugged enough to survive continued hard use. The quilting and stitching give the pads an interesting look while providing strength and softness. *High Tech* is right—the functional-without-frills style can result in a pleasing and unpretentious look. The problem with these mover's pads has been how to get your hands on them (unless you know a U-Haul dealer who runs a black market in them on the side). **Tools for Living** has arranged with one of the largest commercial manufacturers of these pads to produce a supply for **Tools** readers. These pads are a standard 68" by 76", bound all around, top-of-the-line in terms of weight and fabric quality. The pads are made with a different color on each side, the combinations a matter of mix-and-match pot luck. (If you make a choice among the following colors, we will be sure that *one side* is that color: dark blue (A-105), light blue (A-106), olive green (A-107), tan (A-108), brown (A-109), and white (A-110). The pads cost $18.00 each plus $3.00 apiece for shipping. Specify color.

HEADACHE HELP

Statisticians say that 7 out of every 10 adult Americans use pain-killers at least once a month to treat headache. And that no fewer than 42 million Americans suffer headaches severe enough that they must occasionally interrupt their activities and take to their beds or ice-packs. Yet despite the numbers of people afflicted by headache, many doctors have typically treated it with aspirin and a shrug and let it go at that. Until recently at least. Now something of a medical subspecialty is developing in the area of headache diagnosis and treatment (today there is a medical association specializing in the study of headache). What has been learned about headaches? A great deal. A fine overview of current medical understanding of the causes of and treatment for headache is provided in a book entitled *More Than Two Aspirin: Hope For Your Headache Problem* by Seymour Diamond, M.D. and William Barry Furlong. Diamond runs a headache clinic in Chicago where he has treated—with remarkable success—a variety of chronic headache cases. The book is a chatty, informative review of two dozen interesting cases, followed by an extensive Q&A section and an appendix giving a state-by-state listing of medical specialists in headache. Diamond's book is remarkable for its clear, clean prose, its compassionate approach, and its realization that patients are people first and only secondarily a collection of symptoms. If your headaches need more than sympathy and aspirin, this is the place to find the information that will help you. There is no magic cure here. But there are generous doses of understanding and hope. That's a lot better than wrapping your head in potatoes or bathing your feet in mustard or any of the other peculiar cures that have been preferred at various points in human history. We will be happy to send the headache book in hardcover for $9.00 postpaid. (A-111)

GETTING (AND KEEPING) A GRIP

If some stroke of fortune limited us to just 3 tools, we would choose a hammer, a screwdriver, and these Vise-Grip pliers. Vise-Grips are one of the most versatile multi-purpose tools we've ever used. Besides the normal functions of pliers, they can serve as wrench, clamp, wire cutter (up to ¼ inch bolts), portable vise, puller of headless nails, emergency handle, or nutcracker. Vise-Grips are adjustable locking pliers that are easy to set and easy to release. The adjustment is variable enough so



that you can hold a delicate object without breaking it, or with one hand exert a ton of pressure between the jaws. They've been around for quite a while (we've used them for 25 years) but their versatility and quality of manufacture makes them an ideal Tool For Living. In the years since they were invented in 1924, various small design improvements have been made (curving the jaws slightly to give a better grip on round objects, adding a wire cutter). Made of nickel-coated steel, these pliers will last and last. Before very long you'll know why we think these are one of the 3 handiest tools in the world. 7 in. Vise-Grip $9.00 postpaid. (A-114)

END SPILLED GARBAGE

Raccoons are devilishly clever beasts, as everyone knows who has tried to protect their trash or garbage cans from these nocturnal marauders. A Bedford, N.Y. man was exasperated enough to invent a solution—a simple locking apparatus that keeps garbage can lids firmly in place. Although it defeats raccoons, the Lid Lock is easy for humans to open and close (a must, given the grumpiness of most garbage collectors). It keeps the lid secure even if the can is kicked over and rolled around. The Lid Lock comes in two models, one for metal cans, one for plastic. Each model fits 20-36 gallon cans and is adjustable to compensate for variation in handle locations. This is a sure-fire solution for keeping pests from spilling your garbage. The manufacturer offers a money-back guarantee if you aren't satisfied with the Lid-Lock's performance. Lid Lock for metal cans $4.50 postpaid (A-115). For plastic cans $4.50 postpaid. (A-116)

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tice Powell reportedly declared that "if an associate in my law firm had done this, I'd fire him"; and Justice Stewart reportedly told his clerks that Burger's initial draft of the Nixon tapes opinion "would have got a grade of D in law school." Burger's personal views are presented as sexist ("I will never hire a woman clerk") and racist ("Blacks ... make talented gardeners.... They have such a great sense of color"). His leadership qualities are nonexistent. According to Woodward and Armstrong, Justice Stewart has compared the Court under Burger's leadership to the old ocean liners run by two captains: "One for show, to take the women to dinner. The other to pilot the ship safely. The chief is the show captain. All we need now is a real captain." Woodward and Armstrong tell us that during the deliberations over the Nixon tape case "the justices found themselves entering the clerks' longstanding debate: Was the chief evil or stupid?"

The associate justices are portrayed in somewhat more balanced terms, but in the end most of them emerge as petty bureaucrats who horse-trade votes, jockey for good assignments, bicker with each other like spoiled brats, change sides in order to avoid additional work, vote so as not to antagonize their friends, and occasionally decide monumental cases on the basis of personal peeves and prejudices. The newest justice—John Stevens—is said to have complained that his "colleagues make pragmatic rather than principled decisions—shading the facts, twisting the law, warping logic ...."

These unflattering portraits are obviously overdrawn. Sources—especially unnamed sources—are more likely to remember and report the bizarre, the sensational, the self-flattering. If Woodward and Armstrong are to be entirely believed, the Supreme Court sometimes looks more like a Marx brothers caricature ("The Marx Brethren") than a court of law. But regardless of how much is discounted as the hyperbole of cynical young law clerks, it is clear that the Burger Court bears little resemblance to the Bickel or Ely models of a nonpolitical institution committed to principled decision making or "enduring values."

Insiders have long known this. Former clerks, law professors, and frequent Supreme Court practitioners have been aware of the lack of congruence between the Supreme Court's image and its reality. There has been, in effect, a conspiracy of silence designed to keep the American public in the dark about the internal dynamics of the high Court. It has been feared—both by the justices and by those in the know—that any washing of the Court's dirty laundry in public will demean the perceived majesty of that institution and thereby diminish its legitimacy and influence.

The justices themselves have been the worst offenders. They have insisted on secrecy for secrecy's sake, and have not been selective about what is properly the business of the public and what may appropriately be kept from it. They have, in certain cases, refused to disclose some of the most important rules that governed their actions; at least one time they covered up unethical conduct by a member of their own bar; and they have declined to make public the processes by which they decide cases.

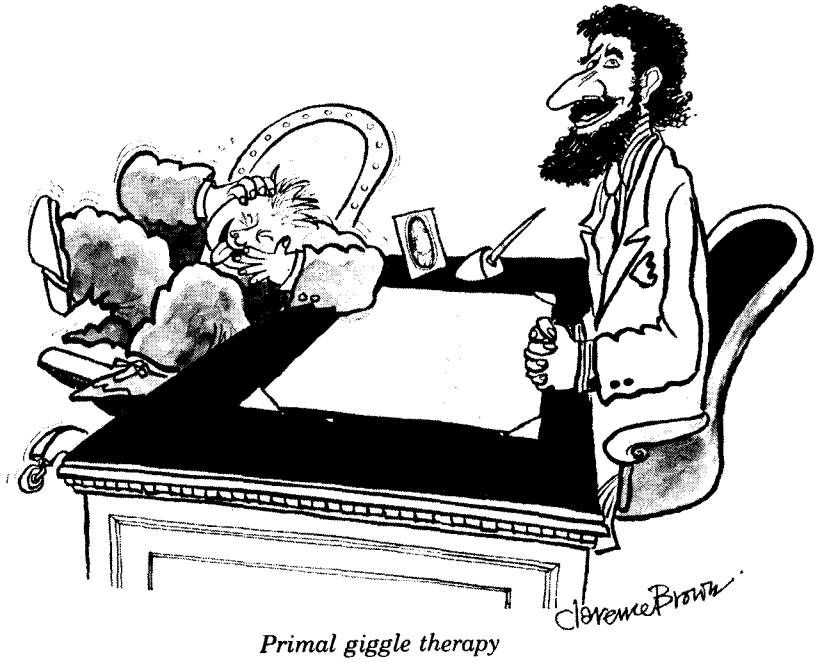
Woodward and Armstrong recount several episodes in which the justices joined together to prevent the public from learning of their political machinations. The abortion cases, which were argued in the fall of 1971, provide the most telling example. The initial vote of the justices favored the striking down of at least portions of some restrictive abortion laws on constitutional grounds. Chief Justice Burger was in dissent. The unwritten rule of the Supreme Court has been that when the chief justice is in the majority on any given case, it is he who selects the justice who will write the opinion; but when the chief is in the minority, that prerogative falls to the senior justice within the majority. In the abortion cases, the senior majority justice was the late William O. Douglas. But *Burger* assigned the case to his "Minnesota twin" Harry Blackmun. Douglas was outraged. Woodward and Armstrong, write, "Never, in Douglas's 33 years on the Court, had any chief justice tried to assign from the minority in such fashion." Blackmun, the newest justice, "was by far the slowest writer on the Court." Douglas believed that Burger had assigned the controversial opinion to Blackmun in order to do the political bidding of Richard Nixon's White House:

> Douglas ascribed to Burger the most blatant political motives. Nixon favored restrictive abortion laws. Faced with the possibility that the Court might strike abortion laws down in a presidential-election year, the chief wanted to stall the opinion....

Subsequent events confirmed Douglas's worst fears. Blackmun took an inordinate amount of time producing the opinion. Finally, in May of 1972—near the end of the Court's term—Blackmun's opinion striking down most state laws against abortion was circulated among the brethren. Burger immediately realized that it would be a major embarrassment to the Nixon administration, and he set out to prevent its publication before the election. He lobbied mercilessly. An apparent bargain was eventually struck between the chief justice and Blackmun: The chief would change his vote in the *Curt Flood* case (which raised the question of whether baseball was subject to the antitrust laws) in exchange for Blackmun's agreement to withdraw his abortion opinion until after the election.

Douglas was furious with this blatant political wheeling and dealing. He decided to blow the whistle on the chief justice and drafted a dissenting memorandum that he threatened to publish if the announcement of the abortion decision was postponed. The memorandum—which the authors have somehow uncovered—included the following:

> When ... the minority seeks to control the assignment, there is a destructive force at work in the Court. When a chief justice tries to bend the Court to his will by manipulating assignments, the integrity of the institution is



Primal giggle therapy

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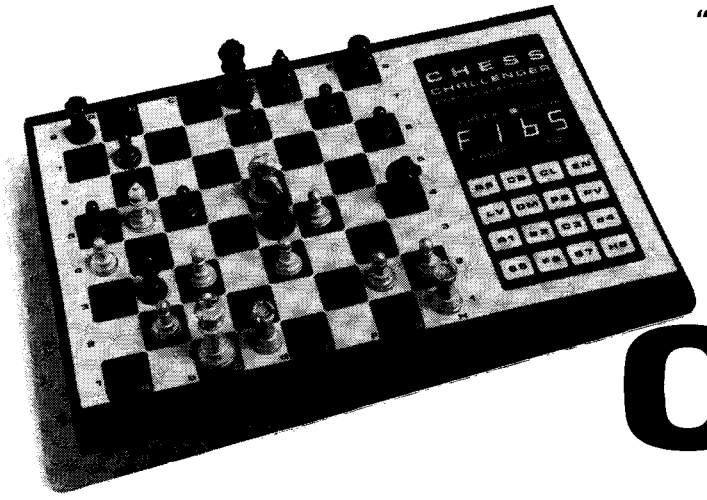

"Chess Challenger-10 Wins Microchess Tourney"
—Personal Computing Magazine
February, 1979

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Final Results

Reprinted Courtesy of Personal Computing, February, 1979. P. 66. (Darker lines ours.)

	CONTESTANTS		OPPONENTS #1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Games Won	Games Drawn	Games Lost	FINAL SCORE	FINAL POSITION
1	MICRO-CHESS 1.0 (Heath H-8)	W		½	Ø	1	Ø	Ø	Ø						2½	7*
		B		½	½	Ø	Ø	Ø	Ø							
2	MICRO-CHESS 1.5 (TRS-80)	W	½		½	½	Ø	Ø	Ø						2½	6*
		B	½		Ø	Ø	Ø	½	Ø							
3	MICRO-CHESS 2.0 (PET)	W	½	1		1	Ø	Ø	½						5	4
		B	1	½		½	Ø	Ø	Ø							
4	CHESS CHALLENGER (3 Level)	W	1	1	½		Ø	½	½						4½	5
		B	Ø	½	Ø		Ø	Ø	½							
5	CHESS CHALLENGER (10 Level)	W	1	1	1	1		1	½						11	1
		B	1	1	1	1		1	½							
6	BORIS	W	1	½	1	1	Ø		1						8	3
		B	1	1	1	½	Ø		Ø							
7	SARGON I (TRS-80)	W	1	1	1	½	½	1							8½	2
		B	1	1	½	½	½	Ø								
8	ATARI *Did not play*	W														
		B														

* Note: Microchess 1.5 wins 6th place over Microchess 1.0 by virtue of the tie breaking analysis of relative strength of opponents

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imperiled....

The plea that the cases be reargued is merely strategy by a minority somehow to suppress the majority view with the hope that exigencies of time will change the result. That might be achieved of course by death or conceivably retirement....

But that kind of strategy dilutes the integrity of the Court and makes the decisions here depend on the manipulative skills of a chief justice.

The *Abortion Cases* are symptomatic. This is an election year. Both political parties have made abortion an issue. What the parties say or do is none of our business. We sit here not to make the path of any candidate easier or more difficult. We decide questions only on their constitutional merits. To prolong these *Abortion Cases* into the next election would in the eyes of many be a political gesture unworthy of the Court....

The circulation of that draft dissent created havoc among the brethren. Even Douglas's closest allies on the Court—Justices Brennan and Marshall—were, say the authors, appalled:

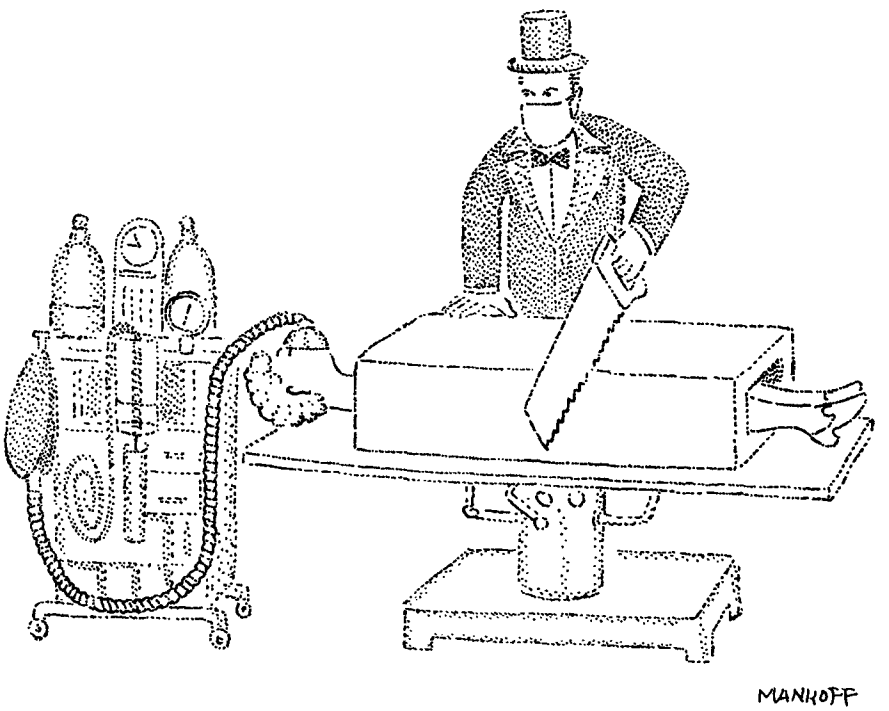
No one in the history of the Court had published such a dissent. The chief might be a scoundrel, but making public the Court's inner machinations was a form of treason.... They pleaded with Douglas to reconsider. His dissent would undermine the Court's credibility, the principal source of its power. Its strength derived from the public belief that the Court was trustworthy, a nonpolitical deliberative body. Did he intend to undermine all that? ... [W]hat good would it do to drag their internal problems into public view?

Eventually Douglas gave in to the entreaties of his colleagues and the abortion decision was put off until after the reelection of Richard Nixon. In fact, in a final political maneuver, Burger again postponed the decision until two days after Nixon's inauguration, and the public never learned of Burger's machinations until, of course, Woodward and Armstrong disclosed the story.

It is to the credit of Woodward and Armstrong that they were willing—and able—to shatter this conspiracy of silence. It is certainly in the highest tradition of investigative journalism to expose the realities of institutions that affect our lives as greatly as the Supreme Court does. Nor can the justices rightly complain about the revelation of their shenanigans to the public. If they are indeed doing what Woodward and Armstrong say they are doing—and the authors make a compelling case—the public is entitled to know about it. If the result is a loss of respect for the Supreme Court, it is the justices who are to blame, not the messengers. A Supreme Court whose most important ruling required President Nixon to disclose his tapes should hardly complain about disclosure of its "tapes."

The real issue is not whether the publication of *The Brethren* will weaken or strengthen the Supreme Court as an institution. Truth has its own claims, especially in a democratic society. If an institution cannot survive disclosures about its internal dynamics, then serious questions are raised about the legitimacy of that institution—or at least of its current membership.

The Brethren is not a book of legal scholarship. But the data—anecdotal as they are—pose a difficult challenge to legal scholars who would justify judicial review on the basis of the right of the judiciary to remain above partisan politics and popular passions.



The challenge can be met, but not without significant changes in the process by which appointments are made to the Supreme Court—especially to the chief justiceship. *The Brethren* teaches us that no court can be better than the men and women who sit on it.

Alan Dershowitz is a professor of law at Harvard University and an active civil liberties lawyer.

America Lost and Found

Imagining America
by Peter Conrad
Oxford University Press, 336 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by John Fludas

Robert Louis and Fanny Stevenson, escaping "civilization" to honeymoon romantically in Silverado, a ghost town in old California, relived the epic pioneer experience that built America, and heard music in places with such sonorous Indian names as Susquehanna. Oscar Wilde imagined a rude America in desperate need of the grace and high-tone style of Oscar Wilde but refused, on his famous lecture tour, to set foot in the western town of Griggsville, so shocked was he by its ugly name; he and his entourage of luggage and hat boxes went elsewhere. Charles Dickens found God and mighty nature in Niagara Falls. Rudyard Kipling sickened at the sight of men spitting in the gilded marble halls of Chicago's grand hotel, the Palmer House.

After a balloon trip to Germany early in this century, H.G. Wells envisioned air travel over a futuristic Manhattan of colossal towers; he also dreamed of a new world redeemed by science and of an America destined to become a global savior. In 1955 Aldous Huxley hypnotized his wife as she was dying in agony, transporting her awareness back through time to the lunar deserts of the Southwest where, freed from a mechanistic culture, buoyed by mescaline, they had once shared their colored visions of paradise.

Silverado, Susquehanna, Griggsville, Palmer House, Niagara, Manhattan, Mojave—names that here are like the noble and satanic and comic faces marking the fractured history of Mexico on the sweeping murals of Diego Rivera. Each of the 12 British visitors and immigrants in Peter Conrad's ambitious study came with preconceived concepts of the new world, from Frances Trollope, the novelist's mother, who toured haughtily in 1827, to Christopher Isherwood, who continues to make his home in the sunshine of southern California. All of

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them found different Americas. *Imagining America* examines their discovery of the land and of themselves, their small bigotries and wide-eyed wonder, fulfilled.

Peter Conrad, a Victorian scholar at Oxford, easily ranks among the better university critics in England today. In many ways, *Imagining America* is a typical and well-focused academic perusal of selected slices of English literature. And although the theme of America seen through foreign eyes is certainly not new, Peter Conrad's book is distinguished by the rich variety of his sources, his close affinity for most of the personalities he has chosen, especially the 19th-century travelers, and the book's crucially timely appearance. On the morning of a new decade, America's future is clouded with fear and tension, with an economy as fragile as spun glass, with lashes of hatred on other continents. What is the fate of the muscular, "nubile, juvenile America" praised by Rupert Brooke in these pages? Conrad's book, through its intrinsic worth and the historical moment, by turns irradiates the reader's mind with hope and shadows it with doubt.

Conrad's method is to consider a number of literary genres which, like prisms, reflect his subjects' varied landscapes and serve as projectors for his own insights. The earlier tourists concluded that since America had no past and could not even be called a society, it could inspire no novels, which record niceties of genteel behavior and complexities of character. Frances Trollope was appalled when workers at table poked their knife blades into their mouths and conversed on the wrong topics, such as religion and politics which are "fitter for the closet than the tea-table"; Dickens saw a dreary sameness in democratized American faces. But Kipling and Stevenson emulated Mark Twain who, they believed, wrote epics, the true native literary form, for epics immortalize a race that is building its crude culture, forging its identity.

Luckily, Conrad revives interest in the art of the reflective travel essay by several novelists. Ours is an era of advanced photojournalism and Concorde travel and creative writers who, with some exceptions, prefer to peer into themselves. Surely some of the finest travel pieces reviewed here are by D.H. Lawrence. Leaving a moribund Europe and searching for his wished-for country in the Southwest's Indian past instead of New York's technological future, he makes a bold distinction between America and the United States. He celebrates a Hopi snake dance in Arizona in an essay in his 1927 volume *Mornings in Mexico*. The sensual dancers perform a sacred rite while their distanced white conquerors in the audience, separating spirit from matter, merely observe a curious show.

Further, Conrad reminds us of still another literary tradition in which English writers excel, the futuristic or satiric fantasy, essayed most recently by Anthony Burgess in *1985*. Aldous Huxley authored several brilliant California satires that are ripe for rediscovery. *Ape and Essence*, for instance, a mock scenario for a Hollywood film, holds "the horror of mutant malformation in Loola, who thanks to the gamma rays has sprouted an extra set of nipples."

Some quibbles: Conrad does not hear the resonance of such a fine novel as Isherwood's *A Single Man*, and he burdens W.H. Auden's operetta *Paul Bunyan* with too many symbolic overlays. His retelling of certain biographical experiences, notably the chimeras conjured by mescaline, are too clinical, too second hand. Must a dedicated Oxford don enter the artificial paradise of Huxley to write of Huxley's deserts? A question better left for Alice to ask of the Caterpillar. *Imagining America* is the kind of book that university presses have been striving to bring out in recent inflationary years, a work of scholarly integrity that appeals to the general reading audiences.

John Fludas is a freelance writer and critic.

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Books in Brief

Smiley's People
by John Le Carré
Knopf, 374 pp., $10.95

THE PLOT OF John Le Carré's new espionage novel is aptly described by one of "Smiley's people" in British Intelligence as a labyrinth of false leads, escalating betrayals, double agents sporting multiple identities, and bureaucratic wars with international repercussions. In his ninth novel, Le Carré again writes in the tradition of Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, creating a shifting world in which spies on both sides are "causes of the same incurable malady": the failure of trust in modern society.

Le Carré even follows Conrad's lead in making most of his characters fat, a way of suggesting alienated inertia as well as of removing himself from the glamorous James Bond genre for which he has such celebrated contempt. Fattest of all in this book is George Smiley, Le Carré's original hero, who emerges from his "dubious retirement" for a final confrontation with his old Soviet enemy Karla. Smiley remains a beguiling character, coldly in control yet given to passionate outbursts, totally invested in institutions yet accountable to no one but himself. A thorough professional in espionage, he is delightfully unprofessional in his private life: "With dismal foreboding Smiley agreed on a date. After a lifetime of inventing cover stories for every occasion, he still found it impossible to talk his way out of a dinner invitation."

Although it delivers few conventional "action" sequences, *Smiley's People* bristles with tension and suspense. All is gesture, innuendo, indirection; in the chillingly intricate dialogue, characters "scratch about for words sufficiently elliptical" to disguise meaning and keep themselves alive. In the climax, which occurs, as in *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, at a ghostly cross point between East and West Berlin, Smiley and Karla exchange only the sparest of gestures, but these powerfully convey the price each has paid for spiritually switching identities—for having "crossed each other's frontiers." Readers new to Le Carré will find *Smiley's People* a satisfying surprise; Le Carré's fans will find it even more of a treat than they expected. —JACK SULLIVAN

The Dream of the Golden Mountains: Remembering the 1930s
by Malcolm Cowley
Viking, 310 pp., $14.95

COWLEY'S NEWEST exercise in cultural pulse-taking is a continuation, at least chronologically, of *Exile's Return*, his first and still most impressive piece of literary history. *The Dream of the Golden Mountains* covers the crucial period between the onset of the Depression and the "high 1930s," a period when revolution seemed inevitable and only Roosevelt's vigorous, pragmatic liberalism appeared capable of piercing the wall of despair that held America in thrall to Emersonian self-reliance.

The emphasis throughout, reflecting the times, is more political than literary, though Cowley has not lost his ability to transform personal memoir into a seamless extension of historical reportage. From his secure perch at the *New Republic*, where he had succeeded his friend Edmund Wilson as literary editor, he was in an ideal position to observe the frantic struggles to preserve the American Dream without fear of being compromised by economic pressures. Whether writing about the National Hunger March to Washington, addressing huge meetings organized by the American Communist party as a sincere fellow traveler, or attempting to limn the rise and fall of a now obsolete proletarian literature and the behavior of writers as diverse as Hart Crane, Theodore Dreiser, and Waldo Frank, Cowley speaks to us in this memoir with that voice of intelligent decency we like to believe echoes our finest national instinct, our sense of fair play.

It is a voice that grates, on occasion, near the edge of smugness, but never for very long and never to the point where integrity and aesthetic precision are sacrificed to mere decorum.

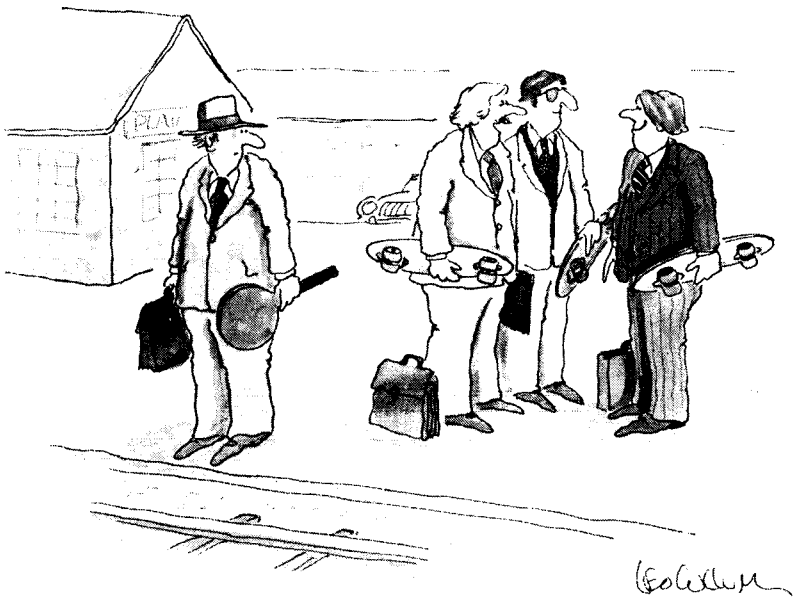
—EDWARD BUTSCHER

Vida
by Marge Piercy
Summit Books, 320 pp., $10.95

REMEMBER Bernadine Dohrn? Kathy Boudin? These women are the inspiration for the heroine of Marge Piercy's new novel, *Vida*. Through a series of flashbacks, Piercy traces the political evolution of Davida Asch from concerned liberal to left-wing activist to a radical member of an underground group called the Network and finally to political fugitive, the point at which the book starts. But *Vida* is more than a *Bildungsroman*; because the heroine is such an appealing fictional character—at once beautiful, smart, articulate, strong, liberated—Piercy can use her as a vehicle for a social history of the New Left in America from the Sixties to the Eighties. This is painfully familiar territory to anyone who was politically involved during those years. Piercy portrays the naiveté and raucous joy of the hippies; the drug culture; street demonstrations and mobilizations; free sex; Kent State; the bombings of corporate headquarters and draft bureaus.

While it is clear that Piercy's sympathies are with the Left (the book is dedicated to the "street and alley soldiers"), in *Vida* she maintains a skeptical, at times even ironic, distance from some of the more silly and destructive aspects of the radical counterculture. Despite Vida's commitment to the austere, "correct" lifestyle of a radical, she cannot shake her desire for bourgeois comforts, a constant lover, a hot bath. Her life as a fugitive is not romanticized, but presented harshly: Running from one hiding place to another, a step ahead of the FBI, Vida is scared, poor, hungry, dependent on the generosity of comrades from the past. Hers is a grim existence with no future other than mere survival or captivity. *Vida* is an extraordinarily poignant statement on what has happened to some of the middle-class children of the Sixties. It makes us ask again, where are they now?

—LORE DICKSTEIN



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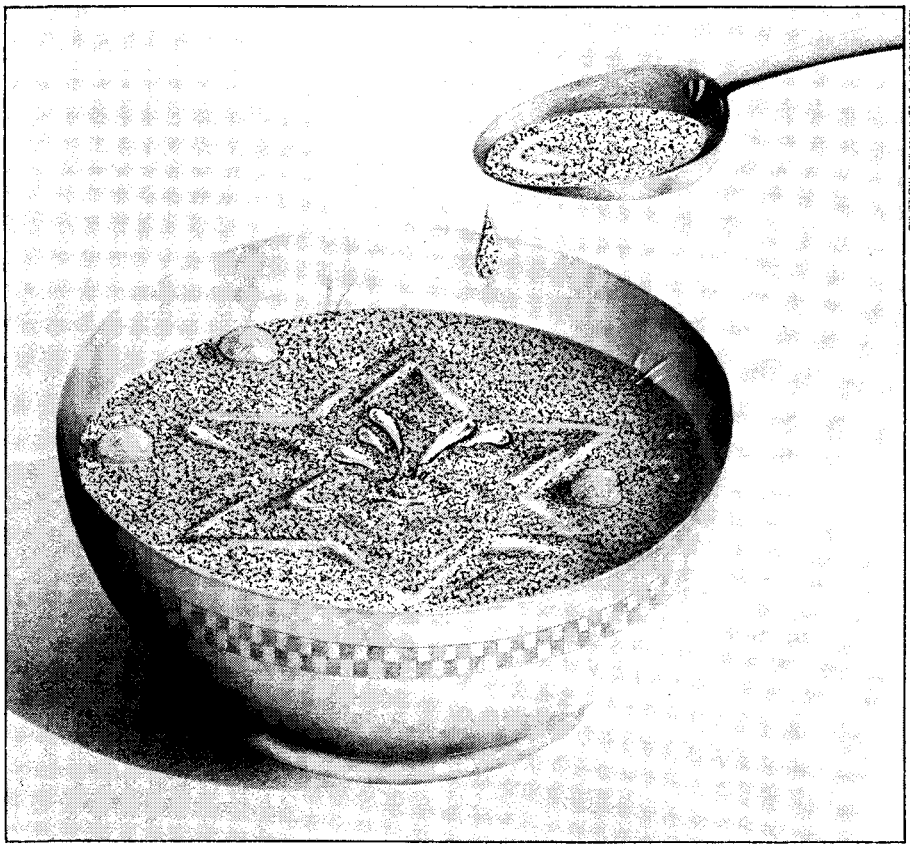

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN-MARIE TROILLARD

SOMEWHAT IN the style of Marcel Proust, most of the customers at the Second Avenue Kosher Delicatessen and Restaurant (Second Avenue at 10th Street, New York City) are involved in a contemporary *recherche du temps perdu*. The very menu is a remembrance of things past, of a Jewish way of life all but destroyed by upward mobility.

Some of us grew up as part of that past. Others heard of it from their Italian, Greek, Ukrainian, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Jewish, etc., parents or grandparents who came to America carrying a large bundle of hopes and a small bundle of pots, chopping bowls, rolling pins, mortars and pestles. After all, man does not live by freedom alone. They landed, along with their rich dreams and even richer appetites, on the Lower East Side—all at the same time.

There was not a cold tenement that did not smell of hot food. The aromas seeped through closed doors, dumbwaiters, halls, cellars, and letter boxes. "Eating out" was unheard of. In the first place, you couldn't afford it. In the second place, "Poison they feed you." In the last, and most important place, to eat out was an insult to mama's cooking and to family tradition.

If you reached the point where you could eat out, or had to (a tragedy), you naturally sought out some place run by a mama and a papa, often by a whole family. Two basic requirements had to be met. The mama had to look like, dress like, talk like, and cook like "mama," and the food had to be kosher.

Eating out at the Second Avenue Delicatessen is like eating in. There is papa Lebewohl, mama Lebewohl, and two pretty daughters who "keep and eye."

The clue to Abe's success is culinary doubt—creative, inventive, positive doubt. He is privy to the highly inexact alchemy of traditional, instinctual Jewish cooking as handed down by word of mothers. The vital ingredient is "sense," not sense-organ sense, but common sense based on years of common scenting. You have to *feel* what the food calls for and add that imprecise pinch, dab, smear, drop, or blip (an onomatopoeic word derived from the sound of one drop of oil falling into boiling water).

You can teach anyone, Jewish or not, how to make chicken soup, but you can't teach anyone (an ancient ethnic mystery) how to get it up to the temperature of molten lava. A good matzoh ball from such a soup does melt in the mouth but it also hardens again in the stomach. Cases of intestinal matzoh-ball blockage can be cleared by doses of 340-degree chicken soup.

Before I get carried away by salivary euphoria, let's get back to the restaurant. The decor is a contrast of old and new. There are lots of Formica-top tables decorated with centerpieces of sauerkraut, coleslaw, sour tomatoes, pickles, beets and pickled beets. On the walls are photos of Abe and show-biz celebrities, many of them alumni of the East Side, and others (wearing Bohemian rather than biblical beards) who came to method act-out a lifestyle they had heard of but never lived.

The waiters, men and women of unique personal pride and social charm, meet their "clients" on equal terms. The fact that he/she serves you does not make him/her your servant. You can order barley soup, but you can never order him/her.

In fact, ordering is the last order of business. First, you talk, that is, the waiter does most of the talking.

"So what's new? Why we don't see you lately? You're not looking so good. The chopped sirloin is not for you. Remember, I told you my wife needs an operation? So, thank God, she don't need. Take the breast of beef. You know Louie who stands by the door? He ain't standing no more. Goes to sleep a healthy man and wakes up dead. Life is like a radish—on the outside rosy, but inside could be rotten, rotten. What do you want to eat? I ain't got all day to talk."

Anybody who asks to see a menu is obviously a tourist, a "Where to Dine" columnist, or a post-doctoral candidate in anthroethnicgastronomy.

The menu covers about one hundred years of Yiddish table d'hôte. Everything is a major production. The triple-decker sandwiches can be custom-designed by the customer—turkey, pastrami, and corned beef, in that order, or corned beef, pastrami, and turkey, in that order. They run about seven inches in height and do not fit the normal mouth. It is safer to stick with the twin double or the single. They even serve half-sandwiches, but only after a double or triple.

The bread is usually rye—seeded or

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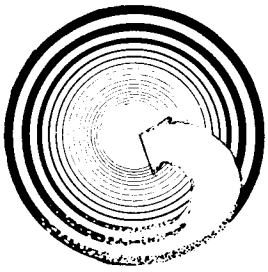

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unseeded, dark or light. Anyone who orders "on white toast" is treated by the waiter as a very sick man. Butter is not allowed. Mayonnaise will be served only by a non-Jewish busboy.

Available, too, is the "open sandwich medley." You request your favorite numbers and you pay per piece plus encores. Combine this with the featured kettle of soup (served for three or more but orderable by one for one), and the waiter will not only say "Eat in good health," but will stand back and admire you from a safe distance.

The most popular main courses are chicken in the pot, boiled beef, Hungarian beef goulash, and Romanian tenderloin steak. These are served with the Yiddish K rations: *kasha* (groats), *kugel* (noodle pudding), *knaidle* (billiard ball-size dough balls), *kishka* (stuffed cow's intestine). Interesting that linguistically there is no singular for certain Jewish delicacies. No one (except maybe an illegal alien) refers to *a* krep or *a* farf. It is kreplach, or farfel (confetti-size dough drops).

Among the fish specialties, gefilte fish still leads the school. There are worldwide variations, but Abe Lebewohl has preserved the time-and-mama-tested formula. Classical gefilte fish experts started from the live fish in combinations of buffel (buffalo) carp, pike, or whitefish—depending upon the cost ("for the holidays they raise the price, the holdupnicks")— added egg, matzoh meal, and onions all chopped and molded into oval shapes. Onions were crucial. They made the mama cooks cry, releasing the salt tears (the secret ingredient?), which ran down their faces into the chopped fish, adding the flavor of four thousand years of Jewish suffering. The final product is eaten with horseradish strong enough to make the cooked fish tremble on the plate.

The East Side is now the home of new immigrants. The Second Avenue Delicatessen and Restaurant caters to some of these, but mostly to nostalgia-hungry exurbanites from every urb and suburb of America, who come a-searching in the old foods for some of the old values that made the crowded "co-op" living not only possible but stimulating; to value again fragrant human imperfection over deodorized, dehumanized perfection; to let the earthy horseradish, a real root, bring back bittersweet root-memories of a *temps perdu*, a time when dreams of a great tomorrow spiced many an unappetizing today.

Perhaps these customers are pilgrims in search of soul food for the soul, and Abe Lebewohl's menu proclaims: We deliver. **—Sam Levenson**

A popular spieler on the lecture circuit, Sam Levenson is a homespun raconteur and the author of many books.

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PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 149

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CREZM

Wit Twister No. 161

Edited by Arthur Swam

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The crippled ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ looked along the piers
Where freighters ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ upon the swelling tide.
He ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ his bottle, fought down bitter tears
And, cursing his condition, lurched inside.

A.S.

Answers next issue

FEBRUARY 16 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 148

The safest way to double your money is to fold it over once and put it in your pocket.

Kin Hubbard

Wit Twister No. 160

cheater, hectare, teacher

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 189

THOMAS CARLYLE: PAST AND PRESENT

Quack and Dupe ... are ... of the self-same substance; ... turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself can become a quack; there is in him the due prurient insincerity, open voracity for profit, and closed sense for truth, whereof quacks, too, ... are made.

Saturday Review Competition No. 6

IT'S PRIMARY TIME again in this presidential election year, so let's consider Lyndon Johnson's celebrated observation that if you can't walk into a roomful of people and know instantly who is for you and who is against you, you don't belong in politics.

We wonder whether the politician's staff requires this innate ability. Can it be learned? Readers are invited to send us a paragraph from the staff handbook of any presidential contender explaining how one is to recognize the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual partisanship. The three winners will find their campaign chests $25 the richer.

Entries for Competition No. 6 must be received by March 15, and the winners will be announced in the June 21 issue. Please send submissions to: Saturday Review *Competition No. 6, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. All entries become the property of* Saturday Review.

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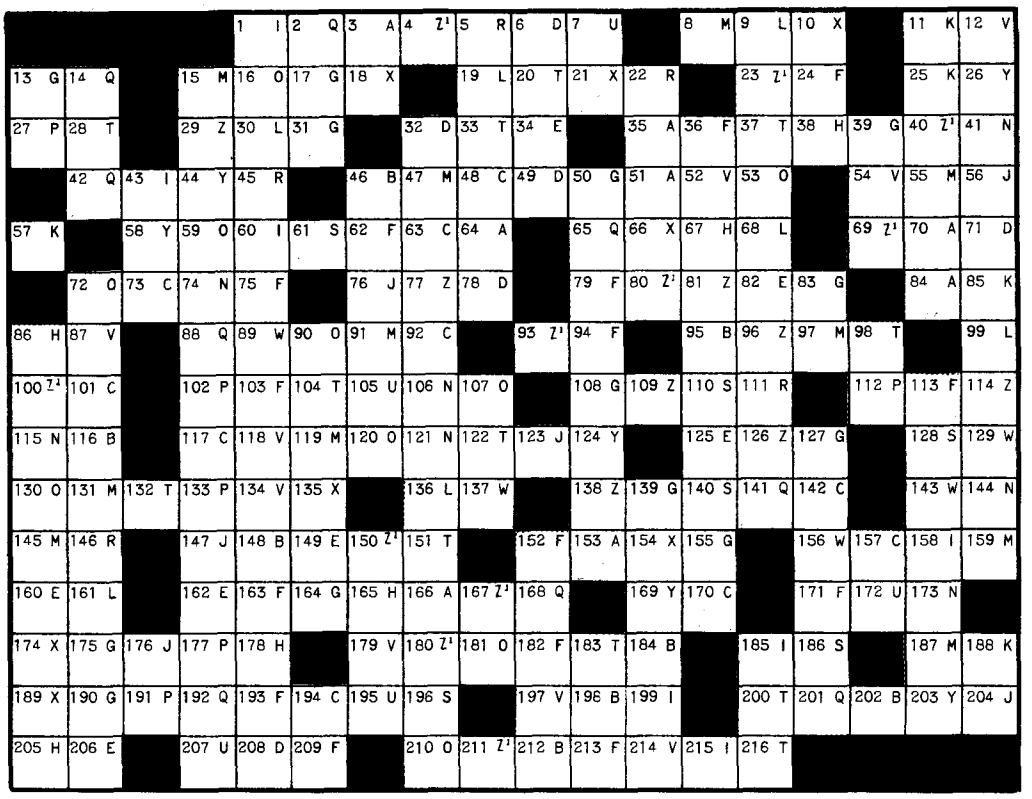
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 190

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 189 appears on page 50.



CLUES

A. Joyous, gay
3 35 51 64 70 84 153 166

B. "The very casques / That did ___ the air at Agincourt" *(Henry V)*
202 46 95 116 148 184 198 212

C. Artificial gem
48 63 73 92 101 117 142 157 170 194

D. Truly
208 6 32 49 71 78

E. Mundane; possible, conceivable
82 125 149 160 162 206 34

F. Dalton Trumbo novel (4 wds.)
152 171 193 209 24 75 79 94 103 113
182 213 62 163 36

G. Pudding or deep pie, usually sweetened with molasses (2 wds.)
39 139 190 13 31 17 50 83 127 175
108 164 155

H. Being appropriate
178 205 38 67 86 165

I. Wearing, boring
185 199 215 43 60 158 1

J. Departed, left hurriedly (2 wds.)
56 76 123 176 204 147

K. Aquatic mammal
188 11 25 57 85

L. Nondescript object or article
136 161 9 19 30 68 99

M. Large body of water with many islands
131 159 187 8 47 15 55 97 145 91 119

N. "To see ___ / Of the great Babel" (2 wds: Cowper, "The Winter Evening")
121 144 106 41 74 115 173

O. Republic in west Africa (2 wds.)
90 130 210 59 181 72 120 16 53 107

P. Captain; become an expert in
177 27 102 112 133 191

Q. Heavy quilt or comforter
201 65 168 192 88 14 2 42 141

R. Egyptian god of wisdom, learning, and magic
146 111 5 22 45

S. Expelled; dispossessed
186 61 128 110 140 196

T. On every side, in all directions (3 wds.)
104 122 132 20 151 33 183 37 98 216
200 28

U. Put on; assume
7 195 207 172 105

V. Practical intelligence (2 wds.)
52 12 197 118 87 134 54 214 179

W. Main island of the New Hebrides
89 156 129 143 137

X. State named after the queen consort of Charles I of England
189 18 174 135 154 21 66 10

Y. Nitid
58 203 169 124 26 44

Z. Picture
114 77 81 96 138 109 29 126

Z1. American astronomer (1732–96)
180 80 69 93 167 40 100 23 211 150 4

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Our Sorry State

SOME MONTHS ago, television's *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* played host to a group of four clergymen who had visited Iran on what they took to be a Christian mission. These four men of the cloth (not to be confused with the group that included the Reverend William Sloane Coffin) had, with a number of other clergymen, toured Iran for 10 days. They met with the "student" captors of the hostages. On December 25, they spoke with Khomeini.

During their television appearance, the clerics agreed on a number of points: that Khomeini is a deeply religious fellow who ought not to be caricatured; that the students' violation of international law is understandable, in light of their legitimate grievances (hadn't American revolutionaries violated international law in 1773 by dumping British tea into Boston harbor?); and finally, that America should repent its sin of supporting the Shah and hear the students' demands with open minds, without preconceptions or preconditions.

The scrubbed faces on the television fairly radiated belief in the goodness of man and the culpability of institutions. Subtract politicians and businessmen and journalists and lawyers from the human equation, they seemed to suggest, and all men would prove to be brothers, lambs and wolves would lie down together, and the world would be Eden-ishly sweet.

In this free society, each of us is entitled to his fantasies. We may dream aloud or on canvas or on celluloid or in print, blissfully unsuppressed. The risk of articulating fantasies, as these clergymen did, is that someone might mistake them for the real world, especially if the dreamer is a person charged with teaching the Word and pointing the Way of God. Three of these pilgrims to Iran were associated with universities; another was connected with the public-affairs department of his denomination. When vested with such authority, innocence or naiveté can become dangerous; it can become, in effect, indistinguishable from wickedness.

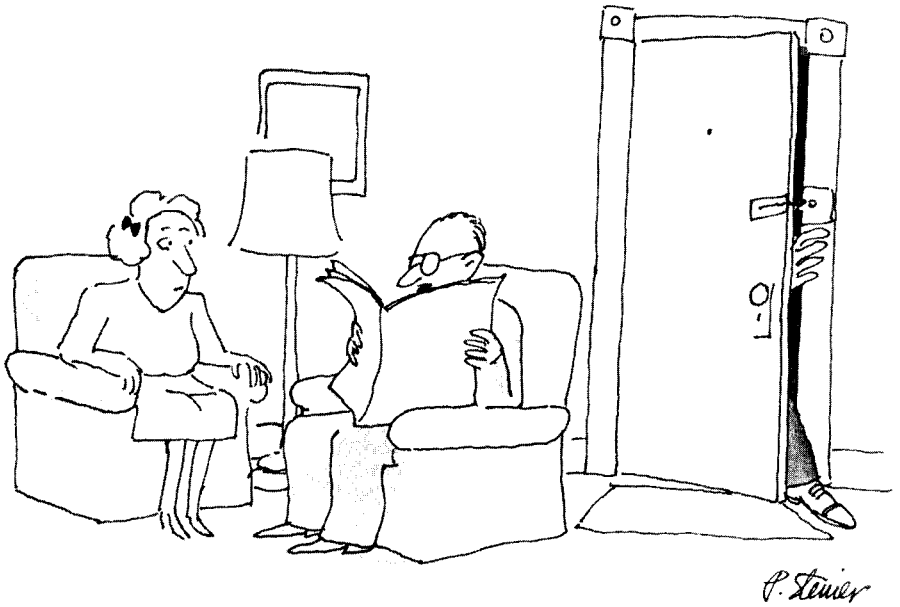
Khomeini is no fool: He selects with care which visitors to receive. Perhaps because U.N. Secretary-General Waldheim knows too well how the world works to be seduced by the Ayatollah's piety, he was refused an audience. These clergymen, however, served Khomeini's purposes. They apparently did not possess sufficient wisdom to ask themselves if Khomeini's doings might not be more grievous than the sins of the Shah. They heard the accusations of one side, evidently, without the knowledge to suspect what had been left out. They judged the world in terms of right and wrong, rather than in terms of lesser and greater evils.

One need not be an apologist for the Shah to conclude that his successors have done nothing to improve the lot of the Iranian people. The economy, the heart of any nation, has been wrecked by neglect, vandalism, and mismanagement. Human rights have been callously contracted, and justice is at least as arbitrary as under the Shah. The defenses of the state have been so weakened that even by the time this column appears, the Iranian people may have fallen prey to one or another of their neighbors. To top it off, the new Iranian leaders have not only hurt their own people; by taking diplomats as hostages they have attacked and endangered the only mechanism mankind has developed to preserve the world's peace. Against this background, how should one react to the clergymen's call to the President to apologize on national television for our support of the Shah?

In many respects, America's idealism is its greatest strength. Our dedication to freedom and the rights of ordinary men has resulted in better lives for many millions. Were it not for our support of the Allies in two world wars, Western Europe might be as grim today as Czechoslovakia or Romania. In the past three decades, however, our idealism has soured into guilt and self-hatred. We have come to view ourselves as the enemy we had so long opposed. We have learned to emphasize our own shortcomings and minimize those of other nations. We have become paralyzed with self-doubt, ready at a moment's notice to say "sorry." Four years ago, we elected an unknown man President because he promised to restore to us the sense of goodness we had lost.

It is time now to give that goodness muscle, to stand up for what we believe before the community of nations and, if necessary, to back our beliefs with force. And above all, we must stop this ignorant and futile self-recrimination, which saps our pride, our self-confidence, and our will. Naturally, we will make mistakes; we will support some losing causes and some winning causes that would have been better lost. One thing, however, is certain: If we do not exert ourselves, other nations, less concerned with freedom, will. And the world will devolve into an even sorrier state than it is in today.

—Carll Tucker



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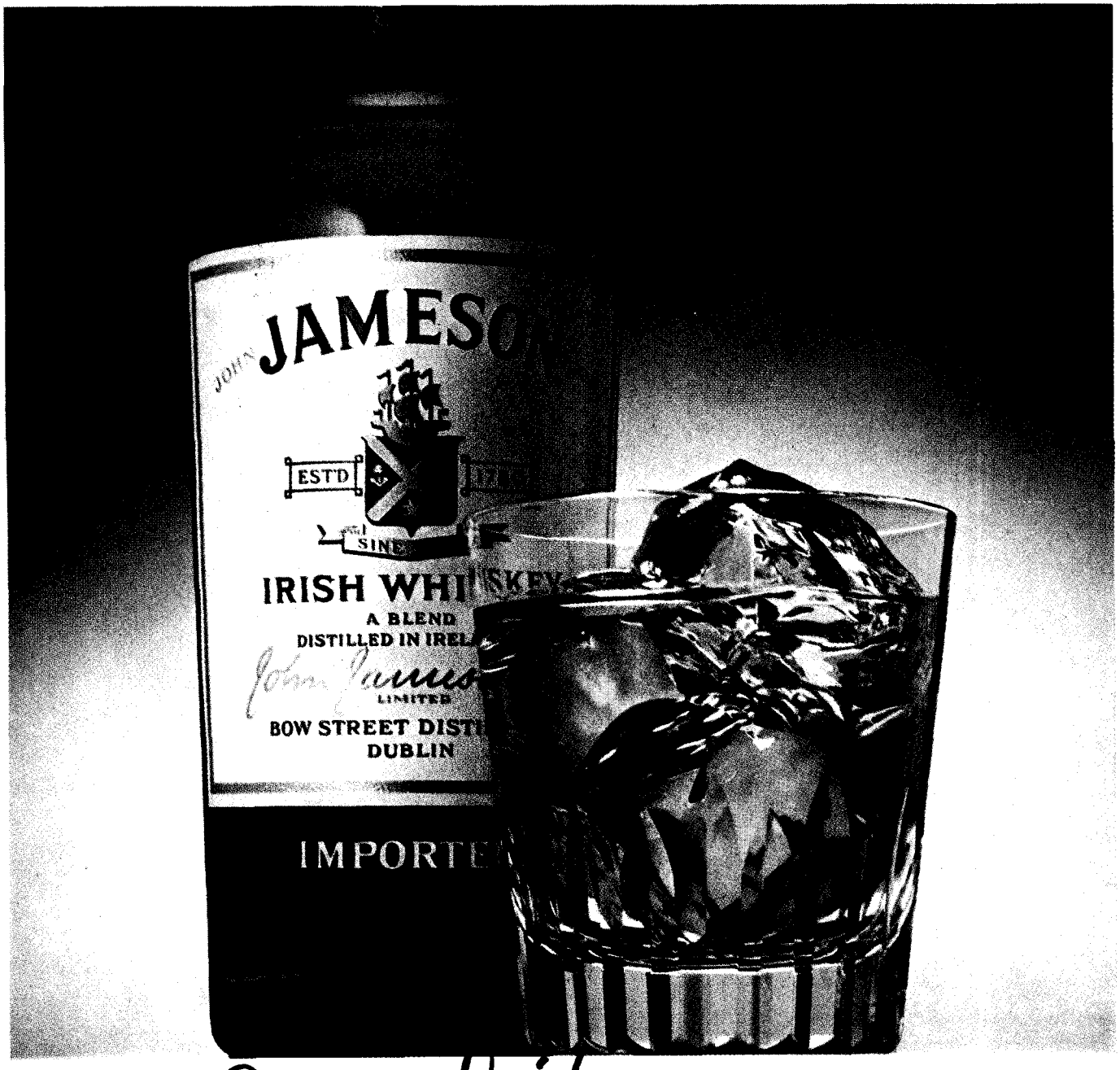

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